



George Rothe



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HERMSPRONG;

OR,

MAN AS HE IS NOT.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MAN AS HE IS.

Nescis, insane, nescis, quantas vires virtus habeat. Quam illa
ardentes amores excitaret sui, si videretur.

Maxima autem culpa in eo est, qui, et veritatem aspernatur et
in fraudem obsequio impellitur.

Assentatio vitiorum adjutrix, procul amoveatur; quæ, non
modo amico, sed ne libero quidem digna est.

VOL. II.

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THE MISTRESS OF THE MIST

BY MRS. J. H. B. B. B.

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Anne Salisbury Esq

HERMSPRONG.

CHAP. I.

OVID de amore informs us, and I inform my fair readers, that lovers may be divided scientifically into three classes; the naturals, the non-naturals, and the mixt. The first are those who think only of the persons of their mistresses, the second of their purses, the last of both; but of such a variety of proportions, with adjuncts and conjuncts; the genera, the orders, the species run into one another so unlike any other earthly beings, that I fear it will take me years to arrange and describe them, so as the British fair may reap the full harvest of my labours.

Had my system been now compleat, of what advantage might it not have been to

my two lovely girls at Falmouth; whose arrival caused as great a conflux of beaux as a race ball. Never were libations to Cornish divinities more full and frequent. Man, we know, is a plant, and is thought by many, something more. It is because the theologians and philosophers have not agreed about this something more, that botanists have never been able to compleat their classifications; so Miss Campinet, for want of science, shrunk, like the sensitive plant, from the touch, and as much as possible from the looks of all her votaries, and wearied them out by a silent but steady reserve.

All but Sir Philip Chestrum, a gentleman of sufficient consequence to induce us to say something of his lineage and something of himself.

His father was a citizen of London, where till the decline of life he lived unmarried, intent only upon acquiring fortune. Yet he was a reasonable man; he said to himself, I will stop at a quarter million; and then I will enjoy myself. This laudable resolution he kept; and purchasing an estate in Cornwall, retired to it for enjoyment. He became sheriff, and afterwards was created a baronet, for some of those services for which baronets and greater than baronets are now created. Notwithstanding all this, he grew weary of rural tranquillity, and was obliged to marry, to prevent excess of ease. In this he succeeded

ed well; for he married Miss Raioule, a maiden lady, not much more than forty; of a very ancient family, with small fortune, but great dignity of thought, and energy of speech. This lady bore Sir Philip one child only, a son; but unaccustomed to the business, some part of it seemed imperfectly performed; for the child was feeble, small and half animated. He grew, indeed, to the height of five English feet, but not equally. His legs bore too large a proportion to his body. In short, he might resemble that important personage, who, Sir John Falstaff said, looked like a man made after supper of a cheese paring.

Sir Philip died five years after the birth of his heir, leaving him to fight his way against death and the faculty; and his lady to fight hers against enemies almost as hostile; against the corruptions of uncontrouled affluence; and against a host of lovers, all of the class of the non-naturals. So far neither had yielded; the lady was supposed to have obtained a solid victory; for she had past her twelfth lustrum; for poor Sir Philip, he was doomed to war eternal.

In this young gentleman's case, there was no occasion to consider the arguments for public and private education; his constitution and his mother, both determined for the latter but the office of preceptor

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was almost a sinecure, for dear Sir Philip was too weak for study, and never stood in the least need of correction. When, therefore, he arrived at the age of freedom, he found himself possessed of great wealth without the least inclination to spend it; of unbounded pride, without the necessary judgment to correct it; of literature, not quite known; and of the smallest possible quantity of human kindness. With gentlemen he had no commerce; was well received by mothers and aunts; but by daughters and nieces with the glance of scorn, or the ill-concealed titter of contempt.

CHAP. II.

MISS CAMPINET was the first young lady he had seen, on whom, unawed by the fear of ridicule, he durst bestow his affections. Sweetness of temper, attention to please, unwillingness to mortify, were habits of this young lady's mind; and she could not suddenly break them, even for Sir Philip. Several times he had looked at her with all the love his eyes were capable of expressing, and once or
twice

twice had ventured on broken hints to express his admiration. As often he had led her to her carriage, and once was her partner at an assembly, without giving herself airs of derision. To such fascinating sweetnesses Sir Philip had been little accustomed; the divinity of Grondale stole his heart, like a thief in the night; and by her gentle demeanour at length emboldened him to speak.

It was on a tea visit to Mrs. Sumelin. Miss Campinet had declined the card table; and Sir Philip having cut out, placed himself by her. He did not immediately speak, because it came into his head, that now was the time to say something; something that should express his affection; and also impress Miss Campinet with a high idea of himself. The young lady, attentive to her knotting, gave him what time he pleased. At length he opened with, "I think, Miss, you are the most agreeable young lady I ever saw in my life."

"I thank you for your good opinion, Sir Philip," said Miss Campinet, without taking her eyes from her work.

"Many young ladies," the baronet continued, "use me with ill manners. I cannot tell why; for if I am not so handsome as some are, there is nothing about me

that's frightful ; and they ought to consider my birth and family. But most of the young ladies hereabout are such scornful gigling creatures ; and I can't tell for what neither. I should blush to make a Lady Chestrum of any of them. My family, Miss Campinet, is very great and noble by my mother's side. She was a Raiole, a great name in English history. I have some thoughts of changing my name to it, by act of parliament ; for Chestrum is but an odd sort of name. Beside, my father was in trade once, and his title a new one ; so people looking more at his side than my mother's, I don't get so much respect on account of my family as is my due. Should not you like Raiole better than Chestrum, Miss Campinet ?

"It is softer," the lady replied ; "it has more vowels in it."

"I knew you would like it best, for you have the finest taste. Pray, Miss Campinet, how far do you count ?"

"Twenty," answered Miss Campinet, after a pause of a few moments, till she conceived the meaning of the question.

"Twenty ! twenty descents you mean from the first stock. But to what king's reign ? Lady Chestrum goes up by her father to Richard the First."

"I fan-

"I fancy," said Miss Campinet, "my father goes up to Noah, if not to Adam."

"Now, that's turning it into a joke, and it's no joke I assure you. People of family, now there are so many levellers about, ought to be more careful than ever. Lady Chestrum says, that now a days it is the only thing one can value one's self upon; for as to money, that is every body's that can get it."

"So I think is title."

"But it is not every scrub that can get it."

"Not quite."

"To be sure, it is a monstrous shame to see new families spring up so like mushrooms."

"They will be old in time."

"But then, how did they get their honours? Not in fields of battle, like the Raioules."

"Don't you think it as honourable to get money as to kill men?"

"No,—not in an honourable way; in war and battle. If it is, why do histories talk about Cæsar and Alexander, and them?"

"For no good reason, indeed, that I know of."

"But it is a poor pride that's founded upon money."

"I scarcely know a pride that is not poor. Is it not Solomon who says, pride was not made for man?"

"For who then?"

"Peacocks, probably."

"But will women let them have it?"

This was so good a conceit, that it took Sir Philip two minutes to laugh at it. Miss Campinet then resumed.

"I can readily allow, Sir Philip, that women are as proud as men; but I think men disgrace themselves by being proud of the same silly things. Men may be poets, philosophers, artists; every thing that adorns or improves society. Man may be liberal, benevolent; his pride, if he must have pride, should be founded on merit; and that merit should be his own."

"As if any thing could be more a man's own than what his father leaves him. As to your philosophy, and all that, a gentleman may either have it, or not have it; it makes no difference. He is neither more nor less a gentleman. Whether I read Greek and Latin or not, I am the same man, am I not? and born of the same father and mother?"

"The latter, Sir Philip, no doubt; and will be as well received at the herald's office."

"Yes, and at court too, Miss Campinet; I have been amongst the courtiers, I assure you;

you; but they never asked after my learning; but whether I was church and king; and if I had any boroughs? And why not? Every man to his trade. I should have been amongst them before now, for my talents lie that way; but Lady Chestrum thinks I have not strength to bear the fatigues of government."

"That is great pity indeed."

"Yes, is it not? But you are the most kindly hearted young lady that ever I saw. I could not help loving you, if I would. Now I'll tell you a secret. Lady Chestrum and I don't always hit it; she has such odd fancies. Would you believe it? she is every now and then for hearing me my catechism. I take physic to please her twice a week; and if I have not stools enough, I must have another dose. I eat just what she would have me; I dress just as she would have me; and yet she scolds. I assure you I am forced to keep cordials in my closet, to raise my spirits; and they will hardly do sometimes. I sleep very ill; and if I wake in the night, and find myself all alone, I feel so uncomfortable. Now, pray tell me, Miss Campinet, don't you think I had better marry?"

"It is not my business to think for Sir Philip Chestrum."

"I awake," continued the baronet, "sometimes all in a sweat for fear; and
say

say my prayers till my teeth chatter in my head. Now, if I found a sweet pretty young lady, such an one as I know who, by my side, it would be quite another thing, don't you think it would, Miss Campinet?"

Miss Campinet was considering whether she should laugh or be angry. Sir Philip went on.

"To be sure, a man of my family and fortune might marry when he pleased, and pick the world through almost. But there's very few, very few indeed, Miss Campinet, that would suit me. I assure you, I have a refined taste. She who wins my heart must have beauty and elegance. I should like a good fortune too, for wives now a days bring expences. Lady Chestrum insists upon family. Now, pray, Miss Campinet, do you know ever a young lady who would suit me?"

"You seem to have a full sense of your own merits, Sir Philip; and as you rate them, I really do not know any woman who can deserve you."

"Now I do know one. Shall I shew you her picture?"

"I have no great curiosity, Sir Philip."

"Oh—but I promise you, you will like her; see now if you don't." And the gallant Sir Philip held a pocket mirror to her eyes.

eyes. "I need not tell her name, need I, Miss Campinet?"

"Miss Campinet was on the point of answering with uncommon asperity, when a bustle at one of the card tables prevented her. Sir Philip was called upon to play.

"I shall play so well now," said he: "you cannot think, Miss Campinet, how happy you have made me."

In this Sir Philip was perfectly right; Miss Campinet could not think what she had said or done to make him happy; but formed the instant resolution,—could Miss Campinet have so little benevolence?—not to be so lavish of her power in future, if she could find out in what it consisted.

C H A P. III.

ONE morning, at breakfast, Mr. Sumelin had the misfortune to scald his fingers, simply for the common cause of such accidents, doing one thing, and thinking of another. Mrs. Sumelin, as is usual in these small domestic cases, began to scold.

"If I had broke the cup, madam," Mr. Sumelin

Sumelin answered, "it would have been a crime inexpiable, but by a new set. This is, I suppose, a regular tax upon husbands; I submit to it; but I really cannot submit to the not being allowed to scald my own fingers."

"It was so thoughtless, Mr. Sumelin," said his lady.

"Was it not rather too much thought?" asked Miss Fluart.

"It's all one," Mrs. Sumelin answered.

"To the tea-cup," said the husband, "or to things which want understanding."

"I suppose that means that I want understanding," said the lady.

"There is very extraordinary news from Constantinople, my dear," said the banker; "fifty of the grand Signior's wives were brought to bed in one night."

"Fifty! Mr. Sumelin," said the astonished lady.

"Fifty," replied the banker.

"Wives, papa?" asked Miss Sumelin.

"No—not precisely what we should call wives in England, but something very like them. You must know, the Grand Signior buys his ladies; and for the honour of your sex, I must tell you, that some of them have cost him 1000l. English money; whilst a man who sells for 100l. must be extraordinary. I suppose his highness's female stock may be rated at 100,000l. so you see, my dear (to Mrs. Sumelin)

Sumelin) it is not the number which is the wonder, but the all of one night. His sublime greatness had a small fit of astonishment about it, and sent for the head of the Kislar Aga, to make it more comprehensible. This is the chief of the black monsters, appointed to preserve the chastity of the Seraglio; whose head, however, for they had brought it without its body, could give the sultan no possible information. His sublimity assembled an extraordinary divan; and this divan, judging only by their own experience, were upon the point of giving an opinion very unfavourable to the poor women, when the musti rose, and made an oration of twenty-five minutes, in that silent country, one of the longest ever known. The purport of it, was to shew, that the power of the prophet of God was not limited to so small exertions. If God pleased, all the women in the world might be brought to bed in one night; and perhaps the prophet might intend to reward the piety of our most august monarch, king of the kings of the earth, by this display of his unbounded liberality. What do you think of it, my dear?"

"To be sure, Mr. Sumelin, if it be true, it's rather odd."

"One meets with odd things every-day. A most extraordinary odd gentleman has been with me this morning; Mr. Herm-
sprong;

sprong; he requested I would pay his compliments to Miss Campinet, and Miss Fluart, and ask permission to pay his respects; though he could not, he said, presume for that favour on any claim of his own."

"Oh dear!" said Miss Campinet.

"But he imagined Miss Campinet would be pleased to hear of the health of Mrs. Garnet."

"Indeed I shall," Miss Campinet answered.

"It is very true," said Miss Fluart, "that the gentleman never danced with Miss Campinet at a ball, nor has any other of the usual claims to her acquaintance; saving one's life, indeed, may be something; but then it was an unavoidable accident; he could not help it; and so it is well paid by a little private gratitude. But, pray, Sir, why do you give Mr. Hermsprong the character of odd and extraordinary?"

"Simply, because one does not every day see such an one. Is it not extraordinary, that a gentleman should think of nothing when he speaks, but truth? and are not his sentiments almost as singular as just? Then he is engaged in the oddest business."

"Is that a secret business?" Miss Fluart asked.

"Many a gentleman would be ashamed of it," the banker answered. "It is the condescending to notice poor objects in distress,

tricks, and taking the trouble to relieve them. As I am his banker, I have the honour to know several of these objects."

"Sir," said Miss Fluart, "I had before lost half my heart; if I hear more, the whole is in danger."

"Yea, Maria," said Mr. Sumelin; "but these objects are all females."

"Indeed!" said Miss Fluart; "that circumstance may alter the nature of the benevolence. What sort of females, Sir?"

"Sailors' wives—not very tempting, I must own,—one excepted, whom I once saw; a foreigner, young, beautiful and unfortunate. But her history you must learn from him. I am unacquainted with it."

"And when," Miss Fluart asked, "will this unpretending gentleman presume to wait upon us?"

"He asked when you would be most at leisure? I answered, at dinner."

"But," says he, "I so seldom dine."

"Dine!" says I, "zounds! you eat I suppose."

"Copiously," he answered; "but betwixt eating and dining there is such a difference."

"What difference?" I asked.

"An English dinner," he answered, "is so melancholy."

"Melancholy! really," said I, "I never before heard the word so applied."

"If

"If to dine," he answered, "were only to eat, twenty minutes would be ample. You sit usually a couple of hours; and you talk, and call it conversation. You make learned remarks on wind and weather; on roads; on dearness of provisions; and your essays on cookery are amazingly edifying. Not much less so are your histories of your catarrhs and tooth-achs. Not content with this mass of amusement, you continue your beneficence to that unfortunate viscus, the stomach, under the name of desert, till it almost faints under the obligation. No matter; spur it on with wine. It is said, that physicians have much increased in your country; one great reason may be, because you dine."

"Then I must not presume," said I, "to ask you to dinner?"

"Yes," he answered, "you may. I have some reason to suspect the human intellect at your table in higher preservation. At least, I can feast my eyes. So at three to-day you may expect him."

C H A P. IV.

AT three, then, Mr. Hermsprong entered the dining apartment. His figure was
inte-

interesting. Not quite made indeed after the model of the Apollo, in the Belvidere, but full as pleasing perhaps, except to persons steeped in virtù. But he had faults; one for which it would be difficult to procure pardon in the court of politeness. It was a sort of secret contempt for politeness itself; or rather for its forms; forms so numerous and trifling, that they destroyed its essence. It was quite disagreeable to Mrs. Sumelin and Miss Harriet, to see them, that is to say, the bows, the smiles, and the graces, hurried over to-day, in order to address himself more particularly to Miss Campinet, for whom he had brought a letter from Mrs. Garnet.

During dinner, Mrs. Sumelin asked a question or two, which put Mr. Sumelin in mind of a certain malady with which his lady was afflicted, that of desiring to know other people's concerns. He was afraid lest the inquisition itself, or the mode of it, might not be to the taste of his guest; and therefore very bluntly and honestly asked Mr. Herm sprong's pardon before hand, for any offence which might be committed, by asking impertinent questions.

"Impertinence cannot be intended," Mr. Herm sprong replied; "conversation, to be agreeable, must have a certain degree of freedom. Grant me the liberty of not replying to questions I chuse not to answer; and ask what you please."

"Pray,

"Pray, Sir," said Mrs. Sumelin, "do you design to settle in England?"

"That, madam, depends on certain circumstances," Mr. Hermsprong replied.

"Pray, may one be so free as to ask the nature of those circumstances?"

"Certainly, madam; and it is one of those questions I take the liberty of not answering."

"Perhaps," said Miss Sumelin, "the gentleman comes a courting, and does not know yet, if he shall succeed."

"I like the perhappes of young ladies, they are so pretty and interesting. But no, madam; I did not come to England to court; perhaps I have found the disposition since my arrival."

There was a small tinge of red on Mr. Hermsprong's cheeks, as he said this. He had thrown a wandering and rapid glance amongst the other young ladies, who could never precisely determine at whom it was directed.

"You call yourself American?" said Mr. Sumelin.

"By birth; but of European parents."

"Which country, Sir, had the honour of your education?"

"That honour, Sir, is due to savage America. I left it only four years since. Since when I have seen many countries."

"And which do you like best?"

"All

"All have something to like, and something to dislike."

"Is there no one to which you would give a general preference?"

"If you are a true Englishman, you will be angry that I do not, without hesitation, answer England. But I have not yet known it sufficiently. Hitherto, I have only travelled; and I have observed, that one lives well every where, if one has money, and ill, if one has not. Every where, with money, one gets friends. Every where they give us good dinners, as you do to-day. Every where one may fall in love; and every where be happy, if one knows how."

"Have you in any country seen happiness more diffused than in England?"

"If by happiness you mean money, I think not."

"Money produces the conveniencies of life, and its comforts; these produce happiness."

"It produces also the pride, the vanity, the parade of life; and these, if I mistake not, produce in their consequences, a tolerable quantity of the anxieties; and anxiety is not happiness."

"To depreciate money, is to depreciate commerce, its mother; this the English will not bear."

"I know it well; but I suppose there may be too much even of good things."

"We

"We say, the more commerce, the more prosperity."

"This is changing the idea. Individual happiness was the question; not national prosperity. Your debts and other blessings flowing from the best of all possible governments, impose upon you the necessity of being the first workshop of the world. You labour incessantly for happiness. If you find it, it is well. But savages, like me, have no idea of the happiness of incessant labour."

"Of such savages as you I have no knowledge; those I do know, have not seemed too abundant in felicity."

"It is from the habits of civilized life, as you call it, that you have derived this opinion. They have notwithstanding no inconsiderable portion of positive happiness; and a still greater of what may be called negative; they want the far greater part of your moral causes of misery."

"And one physical—food."

"There are improvident characters among them; and the number is not diminished by your rum bottles; but they have in general enough, though not what you would call plenty. No—what they most fail in, is intellectual pleasure. To enlarge their felicity, I ask not your gaudy habiliments, to puff them up with the filliest of all the vanities; I ask not your glittering equipages, to give them at once pride and debility.

debility. Keep your palaces and pomp. Keep your splendid abundance, and its diseases. Give them simple plenty, strength, and health. Give them to multiply the objects of their reflection; and to extend the powers of their mind. That, to me, should seem the happiest state of society in which all its members had the power, so to alternate the employments of the mind and body, that the operations of each might be enjoyment. So would the rich man's curse be avoided, that of not knowing what to do with himself; and the poor man's also, that of knowing it but too well."

"And where is this state of society to be found?"

"Alas! no where, — not even in America."

"Not *even* in America! As you lay the emphasis, you seem to think America approaches nearest your state of society."

"I do. Yet still at an immense distance from the ultimatum."

"Perhaps it is impracticable?"

"I fear it is. Manners must change much; and governments more. The first is possible; for manners are addicted to change. The latter is hopeless. Governments do not change; at least for the better."

"There are who say, that of America is excellent. There are who say it is superior to ours."

"That

"That you cannot believe."

"Not easily."

"You are a good Englishman. But I believe, indeed, their government would not do for you."

"Why so, if it is good."

"A simple government, without money to buy men, is little adapted to a people who will do nothing till they are bought."

"You suppose, then, we have no patriotism."

"Which of your patriots would prefer a civic crown, to a bank note, or a purse of guineas?"

"You are severe upon us."

"No,—it is simple observation. I call you no names; I lay no crimes to your charge. I impute to you nothing worse than the having followed the usual course of things. You are rich; and addicted to pleasure, to luxury. It is a consequence that has always followed wealth; and a consequence of this addiction is political carelessness; the immediate precursor of political corruption. But Mr. Sumelin, I understand it is not the custom here to talk upon politics before ladies. I am told it is a breach of politeness."

"Is it not your opinion, also, Sir," Miss Fluart asked, "that the subject is improper for our sex?"

"I think

"I think no subject improper for ladies, which ladies are qualified to discuss; nor any subject they would not be qualified to discuss, if their fathers first, and then themselves, so pleased."

"You do not then," said Miss Fluart, "approve our mode of education?"

"Not quite."

"Faith, nor I neither," said Sumelin. "Women have too much liberty."

"I, on the contrary, think they have too little."

"Too little," exclaimed the banker. "English women too little liberty!"

"Well, then," Hermsprong replied, "they have too much."

"Yes," Sumelin answered, "that is indubitable to me. But, you,—is it the love of paradox which makes you maintain contrary propositions?"

"Perhaps," Mr. Hermsprong returned, "we may be reconciled, if, as I suspect, you mean that English young ladies of a certain age and rank have too much liberty of person. This I am ready to grant you, *pro gratia*; if you will have the goodness to allow they have too little liberty of mind."

"To so courteous an antagonist," said Sumelin, "I would allow all I could; but this—this is really too much. And, pray, Sir, when they carry their pretty persons to routs and Ranelaghs, balls and masques—

rades, do they not carry their minds with them?"

"Yes," Mr. Hermsprong answered,—
"such as they have; minds imprisoned,—
which, instead of ranging the worlds of
physics and metaphysics, are confined to
the ideas of these routs and Ranelaghs,
with their adjuncts of cards, dress, and
fcan—I beg pardon—I mean criticism."

"And are women such things?" asked
Miss Campinet.

"Some women are such things, Miss
Campinet," answered Hermsprong. "Some
are what they ought to be."

"There are very few of this latter de-
scription though," said Miss Fluart archly.
"Did you ever see two?"

"Not two at a time, perhaps—out of
this company."

"I declare," said Miss Fluart, "I will
have nothing to do with your insidious ex-
ceptions."

"Be not angry with me, my dear Miss
Fluart; be women what they may,—I am
destined to be an adorer. Be angry at Mr.
Sumelin here, the indiscriminating Mr.
Sumelin. Be angry at Mrs. Wolfstonecroft,
who has lately abused the dear sex, through
two octavo volumes. Who affirms that the
mode of their education turns the energies
of their minds on trifles."

"Energies!" says Sumelin, with a cer-
tain tone.

"Ener-

"Energies," firmly repeated Herm-
sprong. "Who has presumed to say," he
continued, "that the homage men pay to
youth and beauty is insidious; that women
for the sake of this evanescent, this piti-
ful dominion, permit themselves to be per-
suaded that their highest glory is to sub-
mit to this inferiority of character, and
become the mere plaything of man. Can
this be so?"

"Now, the devil take me," said Sumelin,
"if I know what either you or this Mrs.
Wolfstonecraft would be at. But this I
know, that the influence of women is too
great; that it has increased; is increasing;
and ought to be diminished."

"Well, then," Mr. Herm-
sprong answered, "let it be diminished on the side
of—charms; and let its future increase be
on the side of mind."

"To what purpose?" the banker asked.
"To invade the provinces of men? Weak-
er bodies, you will allow, nature has giv-
en them, if not weaker minds."

"Whatsoever may be the designs of na-
ture, respecting the sex, be her designs
fulfilled. If she gave this bodily weak-
ness, should education be brought in to
increase it? But it is for mind I most con-
tend; and if 'a firm mind in a firm body,'
be supposed the best prayer of man to the
gods, why not of women? Would they be

worse mothers for it? or more helpless widows?"

"No," said Sumelin; "but they would be less charming figures."

"Whilst they think of their charming figures, as much as you suppose them to do, Mrs. Wolfstonecraft must write in vain."

"And when," the banker asked, "will they think less of them?"

"When," answered Hermsprong, "they are better taught."

"And when will that be?" again asked Sumelin.

"I know not," his opponent returned. "The change, if change there can be, must begin with men. Lovers must mix a little more wisdom with their adorations. Parents, in their modes of education, must make less distinction of sex."

"Mr. Hermsprong," said Sumelin, "this is pretty and sentimental, but it cometh not of knowledge. There are two things co-existent with women, and co-eternal; admiration of fineries and of themselves. Eve, the hour of her birth, saw herself in the lake, and found herself more fair, more amiably fair, than her dear Adam; and her dear daughters will do the same, as long as clear water and looking-glasses exist. With all imaginable deference to Milton's authority and yours, Mr. Sumelin, I must be

be of opinion, that women would leave the lesser vanities, and learn lessons of wisdom, if men would teach them; and in particular, this, that more permanent and more cordial happiness might be produced to both the sexes, if the aims of women were rather to obtain the esteem of men, than that compassionate, but transient affection, usually called love."

"Transient!" exclaimed Miss Fluart; "then inconstancy, I suppose, is one of the virtues of man?"

"No, Miss Fluart, nor of woman; but is it very common for husbands to preserve the ardor of lovers?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Sumelin.

"Nor can it be, madam, how much soever the ladies may wish and expect it. I suppose it is one of nature's positive laws, that even diamond rings worn a while, cease to raise that glow in a lady's bosom, which first possession excited."

"I think," said Mrs. Sumelin, "it is not very polite to compare a lady to a diamond ring."

"Would a rose, dear madam, be more to your taste? but the most fragrant odour of that, you know, is on the first application."

"You might compare us to better things, I think," Mrs. Sumelin said, "than either roses or diamonds."

"To angels! Unfortunately I know nothing of angels; and I make it a rule, not to talk of what I am wholly ignorant."

This produced a toss from Mrs. Sume-
lin, a general smile, but no answer; till
Miss Campinet fearing the subject might be
dropped, said, "You seem to wish a con-
siderable change in women, Sir; what would
you have them be?"

"Very much like Miss Campinet; sen-
sible, just, beneficent."

"Would not you have them like me
too?" Miss Fluart asked. "Am not I also
a model of perfection?"

"I do not know perfection."

"Not even in Miss Campinet?"

"Not even in Miss Campinet."

"It is but few hours since I was told, I
had not a fault."

"And did you believe it?"

"No doubt."

"I have been often told that in very,
very civilized countries no man could hold
up the mirror of truth to a lady's face,
without ill manners. I came to try."

"And have you succeeded?"

"Have I been guilty of ill manners?"

"Why no—not violently. Still less can
you be accused of politeness."

"Alas! I am distracted betwixt truth and
politeness. What would I not give they
were one and indivisible."

"It

"It would be a great change indeed," said Mr. Sumelin. But do you think women would be gainers by it?"

"I know not what ladies call gain. They would be beings of reason."

"And dare you," says Miss Fluart, "dare you look a lady in the face, and tell her she is not a being of reason?"

"When I look Miss Fluart in the face, I do not think of reason."

"Of what then?"

"Of beauty and good humour?"

"This will not do. I shall not be so bribed. It is the cause of my sex. Say again, if you dare, that women are not beings of reason."

"Did I say so?"

"Yes, by implication.

"I see my error. My rash and daring tongue is corrected by my eyes. Your pardon—"

"So good a cause," cried Sumelin, "so cowardly given up."

"I suspect the cause is not good. We are, like unhallowed satyrists, involving in one promiscuous censure all the fair daughters of men. Let us be more just. Mr. Sumelin, they are our equals in understanding, our superiors in virtue. They have foibles where men have faults, and faults where men have crimes. In the gaiety of conversation it may be allowed,

at least it will be assumed, to put the whole for a part, perhaps a small part; but it would be wise in man, when he makes the error of woman his contemplation, not to forget his own."

In saying this, Mr. Hermsprong rose to go.

"I suppose," said Miss Fluart, "this is what you call the amende honorable, and that it will absolve you of all your sins. But I move to punish you, by confinement to our society the rest of the day."

"What unheard-of cruelty! but your motion is not seconded."

"I second it," said the younger Miss Sumelin.

"Motion is always followed by debate, you know. Grant me one hour to fulfil a promise, and I will return, to endure the sentence of my judges."

"Is your promise to a lady?" Miss Fluart asked.

"It is."

"In such a case, who can refuse?"

When Mr. Hermsprong was gone, and after two minutes silence, Mrs. Sumelin said, "I declare now I do not like this young man at all."

"Nor I," said the eldest daughter.

"That I can easily believe," said the father; "it has a cause; but your cause of dislike, Mrs. Sumelin, I can but guess at."

"He

"He has not the least bit of politeness," said Mrs. Sumelin.

"A little, my dear, you might allow him; I own he does not appear to have sufficient for every lady's necessity."

His notions are quite shocking," said Mrs. Sumelin; "don't you think so, Miss Campinet?"

"I thought his ideas singular, madam," this young lady answered, "but not shocking."

"But they are vastly foolish," said Miss Sumelin; "how absurd it was to talk of women doing men's work?"

"One may excuse the absurdity, supposing it to be one," said Miss Campinet, "for the sake of the compliment. Few men will allow us capacities for their employments."

"It is no compliment in my mind," said Miss Sumelin, and so will ladies think the remainder of this century, let Mrs. Wolstonecraft say what she will.

CHAP. V.

MR. HERMSPRONG did not return in an hour; it was more than two; and

Miss Campinet and Miss Fluart were just gone their usual evening's walk. He joined them, but had no longer the face of gay hilarity with which he had left Mr. Sumelin's. He seemed more than pensive. An air of soft melancholy rendered him more interesting to Miss Campinet, who thought he had lately wept; and that he could scarce now suppress the starting tear. She could not help asking, and with more apparent interest than this question is usually asked with, "Are you not well, Sir?"

"Not ill, Miss Campinet, unless the mind has diseases."

Miss Campinet could not pursue the inquiry. She found she could not trust her voice. Miss Fluart, however, who had no taste for the silent pensive walk, said, "Perhaps you have found the lady ill, Sir?"

No answer.

"Perhaps inattentive to your complaints?"

"I have not made her any, madam."

"Or you may not have been properly attentive to her, and she may have been upon the tender reproach."

"I hope I shall give no lady cause for reproach."

"When a gentleman pays a visit to a lady in a gay humour, and returns in a sad one,

one, one guesses there must be a cause.

"And that cause—love?"

"A very possible conjecture; especially if the lady is unmarried."

"Yes," said Hermsprong, with a sigh, "she is unmarried; indeed unmarried; the widow of an hour."

"Oh dear!" said Miss Campinet. Then after a pause she asked, "Is her misery aggravated by other circumstances? Can I assist her? Is she in want?"

"Of kindness; not of bread."

"Is there any secret in her story?"

"None. She is of a genteel family in France; of the small noblesse; and was designed for a nunnery. A Monsieur Marcour, late an officer in the navy, and who had a small independant fortune, taught her to dislike her destiny. To have him, it was necessary to run away with him, and she did so. Reconciliation with the lady's family was a vain attempt. Indeed it would have added little to their happiness; and to their fortune, its value would have been negative.

"Mr. Marcour conducted his lady to St. Maloes, where they lived in much felicity. War being declared against England, he accepted the command of a ship of the line, which not being yet ready, he went on a cruise, as captain of a privateer. His first days were fortunate. He sent in to
St.

St. Maloes two prizes of value ; but about the 8th day was himself taken, and carried into Falmouth. In the engagement he received a wound, the cure of which was not advanced by ill fortune and a prison.

“ Three days since Mrs. Marcour arrived, spent with fatigue and grief ; for she had been obliged to pass first into Holland, and forced to sell her gold watch, and other valuable trinkets, before she could prosecute her journey.

“ I happened to have made a little acquaintance with poor Marcour, and was with him when his lady arrived. I cannot describe their meeting---I cannot---words cannot describe it. I am little addicted to the melting mood. At most human complaints I laugh ; for most of them are created and fed by our follies. But this---this is of war,---and it is not, I find, prudent to call war a folly. There have been philosophers, and even divines, such as they are, who have said, that wars were means of providence, to prevent the too great multiplication of mankind. If providence has decreed it, submission is our duty ; but it requires indeed a revelation to convince us, that omnipotence can find no expedient more adapted to its benevolence, than this terrible scourge of the human race. Till this revelation arrives, I wish---but it is folly to wish.”

But

"But poor Mrs. Marcour," said Miss Campinet.

"How, Miss Campinet, is agony to be described? How, a mixed mass of tenderness and horror? On the part of the lady, swoonings and embraces; of the gentleman, fortitude, struggling against affection and despondence. By degrees these violent emotions subsided; nor indeed could they have been much longer supported but at the expence of life. It was then my business to administer comfort in my way, and to entreat Mrs. Marcour to permit me to procure for her better accommodation than could be had in such a place. With a look, half expressive of thanks, half of reproach, she asked if it was possible, in her situation, to feel accommodation? To enjoy comforts of which Mr. Marcour was deprived? For refreshment, however, I did prevail; and then left them to enjoy the extreme of misery, in comfort."

"This," said Miss Fluart, "is the oddest mixture of phrase."

"I give it you, dear madam, to alter and amend. It was the first arrangement of words to express my conceptions, which offered themselves, and I seldom take the trouble to wait for a second."

"You visited your friends next day, I am sure," said Miss Campinet.

"The

“The certainty, madam, does me honour. Yes, I did; and found wretchedness—not less perhaps—but less turbulent. The surgeon, having dressed his patient, whispered me, there were some appearances of gangrene. I called in Doctor Brown, to prevent its progress, which I believed, was happily effected. This morning I was assured Mr. Marcour was out of danger. It gave me spirits, and Mrs. Marcour felicity. Indulging hope, I left you to call in upon them, and went, as usual, into the room without ceremony. The silence surprised me. They were lain down both together upon his miserable bed. Thinking them asleep, I was going to retire, but catching a glance of Mr. Marcour’s face, there was something in it which did not look like sleep. In short, my dear ladies, he was dead, and Mrs. Marcour in a fainting fit by his side. How long she had lain thus insensible to her own existence, I know not, nor do I yet know the circumstances of Mr. Marcour’s death, nor even its cause. For the relief of the lady I ran immediately to Doctor Brown. We procured lodgings, and conveyed her to them still insensible; since then, she has recovered and relapsed several times. She has a nurse, and the doctor is still in attendance. I promised to relieve him. In this situation, if I do not appear
to

to take pleasure even in your company, ladies, I am sure you will pardon me, and you will have the goodness to excuse my request to you, to shorten your walk. Mrs. Marcour knows no one but myself. I wish to be present at her recovery."

"I insist upon it, Mr. Hermsprong," Miss Campinet said, "we do not detain you an instant; and, pray, tell me, can I be of service in any way?"

"Not to-night, Miss Campinet," Mr. Hermsprong answered.

"Promise," said she, "to inform me when I can; and impose what duty you please upon me."

Mr. Hermsprong took her hand, and putting it respectfully to his lips, bowed, and vanished without a word.

Either in the story itself, or in Mr. Hermsprong's manner of telling it, there was something that repressed the gaiety even of Miss Fiuart, and the ladies walked home in silence.

C H A P. VI.

ON the next morning Miss Campinet rose earlier than usual, and when she came down

down to the breakfast parlour found Mr. Herm sprong there. He came to give her intelligence respecting Mrs. Marcour; for she appeared to have taken an interest in that lady,—an interest which, as Mrs. Marcour was unknown, could arise from humanity alone; and compassion for the unfortunate, accompanied with benevolence, was precisely what, in Mr. Herm sprong's opinion, raised the female character to the highest degree of perfection.

"I am sorry to acquaint you, Miss Campinet," he said, "that there is not yet room for the exercise of your gentle humanity. Mrs. Marcour's fever and delirium, for this is the present state of her disorder, are very high; and the physician scarce ventures to give hope."

"I am sorry, indeed," Miss Campinet answered with the quivering lip and moistened eye; "has she children?"

"Three."

"This is unfortunate; otherwise I know not but death may be a more desirable event to her, than life."

"So it appears to me, Miss Campinet; but as this is a circumstance in which we are not allowed to be guided by opinion, I have contrived to send information to St. Maloes, and hope, notwithstanding communication is stopped with France, I may

I may still be able to get her conveyed thither in case of her recovery."

"One can scarce conceive a more distressing situation. I envy you, Sir, this monopoly of doing good; can you not oblige me, by permitting me to share with you in serving Mrs. Marcour."

"Not at present, Miss Campinet; but if you can extend your charity to other objects, here I stand, ready to receive any portion of it."

"My charity is only for those who want," said Miss Campinet, smiling.

"I want," answered the gentleman.

Miss Campinet shook her head.

"You are incredulous, Miss Campinet; but to a man so little accustomed to it, dejection of spirits is a disorder, and relief from it, a want; you do, however, relieve me, whether you intend it or not. To see you, to look upon you, is to me a certain degree of happiness."

In the lovely cheeks of Miss Campinet arose the blush of apprehension.

"Nay, Miss Campinet," he said, "do not, I beseech you, be angry. At least do not let me have the mortification of believing pride to be the cause of that anger."

"Have I deserved this, Mr. Herm-sprong?"

"Have you not been angry, Miss Campinet?"

"No—

"No—what could possibly make you imagine it?"

"Fear. I have seen sometimes a reserve—a forbidding reserve—I know not how to interpret."

"Not how to interpret right. Reflect a moment. You know my father's prejudice respecting you, Mr. Herm sprong. On his side, I have feared anger; on yours, the imputation of ingratitude. As one or other of these opposite sentiments prevailed, I do not deny that my behaviour has not at times been inconsistent."

"Amiable candour! No,—I never accused you of ingratitude. Your just and generous bosom is not a fit residence for such a guest. You are all excellence."

"Upon my word!" says Miss Fluart, just entering, "it must be owned, that if Mr. Herm sprong cannot flatter, he can say very agreeable things, now and then; only that his powers seem rather limited as to their objects."

"Shall I exert them, and tell Miss Fluart she is every thing that is charming?"

"Do," replied Miss Fluart, "if the effort will not be absolutely insupportable."

"It is impossible to express how I desire to please; but whilst I am saying agreeable things to one lady, I am saying disagreeable things to another—if another hears."

"Wretch!" said Miss Fluart.

"My

"My dear Miss Fluart, you should pity, not abuse me. Born and bred a savage, I was not early initiated in the noble art and science of flattery. I am learning as fast as I can, and then——"

"And then you will have the goodness to say civil things to other poor girls; at present it is Miss Campinet alone——"

"Whom I cannot flatter."

"For how can excellence be flattered?"

"I own it is a large, and may therefore be a suspected expression of my respect and esteem for Miss Campinet."

"Yes—respect and esteem—love cannot be one of the brotherhood; for he is the greatest of flatterers."

"And of fools—if we view him in the old romance; and in the new, he seldom obtains much of my reverence."

"You are a most sublime and incomprehensible person. Can any thing please you that mortal men and women do?"

"Yes, something; but allow for my defective education, and honour me with your instructions. My dear Miss Fluart, what is love?"

"Pshaw! a fiddlestick."

"A good comparison; so love produces harmony or discord according as it is handled. Or what do you think of a top? which can stand no longer than whilst it has the vertigo."

"Pray,

"Pray, good Sir," said Miss Fluart, with a reverent courtesy, "may I take the liberty of enquiring your age?"

"Five and twenty, mistress, come Childermas-day."

"Very early, Sir, to have imbibed so perfect a contempt of love."

"I, Miss Fluart,—I, the ardent votary of love,—despise it? What worse have I said of it, than that it is not immortal; and that when it dies, and leaves not behind it its best offspring, esteem and affection, no married pair have cause to erect a mausoleum to its memory."

"Betwixt love and affection, Sir," said Miss Campinet, "you appear to make a nice distinction."

"A distinction without a difference," answered Miss Fluart."

"I am not to cater for other minds; as far as I know my own sensations, I feel there is real difference."

"Your own sensations! I wish I could see them," said Miss Fluart. "I fancy I should see some out-of-the-way-things."

"Yes," Mr. Hermsprong answered,—
"for example, love; love for your fair self, bursting into flame the moment you were pleased to sprinkle it with a few drops of Cupid's oil."

"And what for Miss Campinet? Affection?"

"If

"If affection conveys an idea of something as soft as love, and durable as life."

"And, pray, Sir, is this your first declaration?"

"I have seldom seen Miss Campinet; when I have, I must have made this declaration, though not in words."

"And when made in words, ought it not to have been whispered in the lady's ear?"

"Why should love and truth be whispered?"

"That all people may not hear. Lord Grondale, for example."

"And why should he not hear?"

"Because, it is probable he would say something not quite pleasant."

"What would he say?"

"Shall I say for him?"

"If you please."

"Young man," says the lady, with a little imitation of the dignity and tone of Lord Grondale,—“young man, it is a thing that appears to me a little extraordinary, that you should make pretensions to my daughter.”

"What is there extraordinary in it, my lord? Every man's daughter may be pretended to."

"Your presumption seems to have made you forget her rank and fortune."

"It is true; I have thought only of herself."

"Do

"Do you know, Sir, there is not a nobleman in England who ought to disdain her alliance."

"Miss Campinet, my lord, cannot be seen and disdained."

"And you, Sir, presume to aspire."

"I presume to love her, my lord; the presumption of aspiring is really a phrase not within my comprehension."

"What, Sir! you suppose yourself her equal?"

"The poor word, my lord, has been so used and abused; has been made to mean so many things it did not mean, that I do not chuse to have any thing to do with it."

"Do you pretend to be a man of family?"

"As good as your's, my lord; and yet it never gave me a moment's exultation."

"And your fortune, Sir?"

"Above your lordship's; for it is equal to my wishes, and superior to my want."

"Sir, I must inform you, that your answers are vague and unsatisfactory; before I condescend to give you my daughter, I must have a more particular account of your family, Sir; of its alliances, Sir; and of your rent roll."

"Upon my word, my lord; here is a great deal of difficulty in this country, to bring two people together, who are unfortunate enough to have property. For my part, I have thought little of what your lordship thinks so much. I have thought only

only that I was a man, and she, woman,—lovely indeed, but still woman. Nature has created a general affinity between these two species of beings; incident has made it particular between Miss Campinet and me. In such situations, people usually marry; so I consent to marry.

“You consent to marry! really the tone is high.”

“But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my unhoused free condition, put into circumscription and confine for the sea’s wealth.”

“Oh, pray keep your unhoused free condition; I promise you, you shall have no daughter of mine.”

“I promise myself I shall.”

Miss Campinet could no longer restrain her inclination to laugh, which having indulged a few seconds, she said, “But is this peremptory *shall* of yours, with Miss Campinet’s consent or without?”

“Certainly with,” replied Hermsprong.

“Oh,” says she, still laughing, “I was ignorant of that circumstance.”

“I have faith and hope,” the gentleman answered, “you will not long remain so.”

“Till that point is cleared up,” said Miss Fluart, “we had better defer what his lordship has further to say.”

The coming in of the rest of the family put an end to the conversation.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

IMust now carry my readers back to Grondale, to the consequence of the quarrel between the noble peer and Mrs. Stone. That lady's spirited reply, though not very grateful to his pride, or the present state of his feelings, furnished him with an opportunity of resentment exactly adapted to his wishes. Accordingly he resented with great dignity and prudent perseverance; nor could the lady obtain admission to his presence by any submission she thought proper to make. In a few days, therefore, she left the Hall, in that sort of agreeable humour, which women, and men too, I believe, experience, when they happen to be suddenly and rudely checked in the career of interest, of pride, or vanity.

This affair so happily terminated, gave his lordship a renovation of spirits. He wrote Miss Fluart the news of this happy event; and was so courteous as to say, that he should leave the choice of the future house-keeper to herself.

He was now more at leisure to consider his other equally important concern, how best to rid the country of that poison to his pride, that Hermsprong. Dr. Blick had
been

been some weeks on duty at Winchester, so that unfortunately his lordship was deprived of the very properest person possible to give advice on this occasion, for he would have given it *con amore*, and quite to his lordship's taste. Lord Grondale therefore was obliged to be content with what might be suggested by his own wisdom, and that of his attorney, Mr. Corrow, of whom I made honourable mention in a former chapter.

Mr. Corrow had a prodigious respect for Lord Grondale, and for money ; and would have done for one, or both of them, any thing, or every thing that the law, in any of its latitudes would have enabled him to do. To press down to the earth, and under it, a poor man, is easy ; it is the work of every day ; but to make a man, with money in his purse, guilty of crimes he never committed, requires a superior fund of knowledge of the more tortuous parts of law, and superior intrepidity. Mr. Corrow did not care to promise too much, in a case which might possibly run counter to his prognostic ; nor did he chuse to deprive his lordship of hope, because law without hope, he knew, was apt to come to an untimely end. He talked therefore about it and about it, till his lordship found himself well wearied, if not well informed ; so he dismissed Mr. Corrow, with a promise of pe-

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cular reward, if by his exertions, he should rid the country of a man so odious.

From this great object, however, his lordship's thoughts were diverted for a time, by the receipt of the following letter:

“Though personally unknown to your lordship, I request the honour of your lordship's particular attention. It is possible the name of Sir Philip Chestum may be unknown to your lordship, but I presume your lordship cannot be ignorant of the illustrious name of Raioule. The family of Chestum is indeed new, the late Sir Peter being the creator of his own fortune; but the Raioules were the splendid supporters of the dignity of the nobility of England, from Richard Cœur de Lion to George the First; when the Earldom lapsed, through defect of male issue, and the large family estates having been divided amongst five coheiresses, have gone into other families, so that the illustrious name of Raioule is sunk and lost. I, a descendant of this noble family, was married by my parents to the late Sir Peter Chestum, and bore him a son and heir, the present Sir Philip Chestum, who joins great elegance of person and manners to high birth on the part of his mother, and high fortune on the part of his father; for his estate is 15000l. a year. This young man has been captivated by Miss Campi-

Campinet, your lordship's daughter; and from the flattering manner in which that charming young lady has been pleased to receive his addressees, has the highest hopes of success. This induces me to apply for your lordship's approbation, on the receipt of which Sir Philip will wait upon your lordship to confer upon settlements, and other matters requisite to precede so important an event. Expecting your lordship's answer, I have the honour to be

Your lordship's most obedient servant,
HENRIETTA CHESTRUM."

P. S. "Should your lordship better like the illustrious name of Raïoule or Campinet, I shall have no objection to Sir Philip's resigning that of Chestrum, and taking, by act of parliament, that which you approve."

There was something in this letter, which a plain man of common sense and excitable lungs might have laughed at; but to the noble sentiments of the noble lord to whom it was addressed, it was perfectly congenial. I understand that in this island of Great-Britain, at the time I am now writing, birth is the first virtue, and money the second; some indeed may dispute the precedence; but all will allow that one or both are *sine qua nons*, without which virtue is not. Lord Grondale had both, and both were flattered

by lady Chestrum's letter. His lordship's reply therefore was the most polite and gracious possible; and it expressed a sort of desire, that the business should be begun and ended with as little loss of time as might be agreeable and convenient to her ladyship. It was Miss Campinet who suggested this; Miss Campinet, who would, his lordship imagined, be rather a superfluity at Grondale, when he was at the top pinnacle of felicity, by the possession of the charming Miss Fluart.

To the charming Miss Fluart he wrote also, and in a very lover-like strain; for he said, he counted the days and the hours, till the time he might expect the return of his fair conquerante. This time, in pity to his sufferings, he hoped she would abridge; and do Miss Campinet the honour to return with her as soon as possible; because Lady Chestrum had made proposals which his lordship very much approved; and had therefore required Miss Campinet's return, to receive Sir Philip's addresses. For, added his lordship, it appertains to my honour and dignity, to marry my daughter properly and speedily, that she may not throw herself away upon that low fellow, that Herm sprong; whose impertinences toward me still continue, or rather increase. For what, my dear Miss Fluart, do you think he has lately done? set up a carriage; and

and under pretence of calling it Mrs. Garnet's, had presumed to put upon it a part of the arms of the house of Campinet.

His lordship's last letter, on this important occasion, was to his daughter; whom he reproached with having received Sir Philip's addresses without his permission; which failure, in point of duty, notwithstanding, he might be brought to overlook, in consideration of her happiness. Lastly, he fixed the time for her return.

Before we relate the effect of these letters, let us see what further had passed betwixt the enamoured baronet and his fair enslaver.

C H A P. VIII.

SIR PHILIP's declaration we have seen in a former chapter; after the discovery of which to his mamma, her address to Lord Grondale, and his lordship's answer, it did not occur to Sir Philip, that any thing more was necessary on his part, than now and then to attend his sweet mistress, and to look kind and gracious.

At first, this was performed with the baronet's usual abilities; but the increasing intimacy betwixt the lady and Mr. Herm sprong, gave a shock to the kind heart of Sir Philip, and in the place of gracious *doux yeux*, produced looks of sullen gloom and fits of resentment.

This increase of intimacy was occasioned by the unfortunate Mrs. Marcour, who, when she recovered her recollection, was kindly visited by Miss Campinet and her friend; and more than once, when Miss Fluart was less disposed to compassion, by Miss Campinet without her; on which occasions she was accompanied by Mr. Herm sprong only. This alarming circumstance was whispered to Sir Philip, by the generous Miss Sumelin, who, since her disappointment at Ostend, had sometimes permitted a little malignity to enter her gentle bosom; and which was peculiarly excitable by Mr. Herm sprong and Miss Campinet. Sir Philip, indeed, did not presume to complain, or indeed to speak at all to his mistress, more than common good manners demanded; he was satisfied to view the fair form, which so soon would be all his own; and was by no means so solicitous to entertain his mistress alone, either on the subject of love, or his new discovered cause of complaint, as she was to avoid the giving him such opportunity; not because she
had

had the least conjecture of what was transacting, but because she did not like the concluding sentence of their last *tête-à-tête*.

So were things when Miss Campinet received her father's letter. It was astonishing; not that she should be the subject of Lord Grondale's reproaches on any occasion, or no occasion at all; but that she should receive Sir Philip Chestrum's addresses so kindly, when she had not the least suspicion of having received any addresses at all.

It was morning when the letters were delivered, and the ladies were just going, under the escort of Mr. Hermsprong, to call upon Mrs. Marcour. They broke the seals without ceremony; and it must have been very amusing to Mr. Hermsprong, to see laughter bursting from the coral lips of Miss H. and indignation flashing from the blue eyes of Miss Campinet. As neither of them, however, chose to make Mr. Hermsprong acquainted with the cause of these different emotions, they were obliged to suppress them for the present, and proceed to the business of the morning.

Mrs. Marcour was now in lodgings a mile from the town, for the benefit of country air. On their return from this visit they were overtaken by Sir Philip Chestrum's carriage, which stopped opposite to them, and from it alighted with unusual alacrity,

Sir Philip himself, and in his hand the letter from Lord Grondale to Lady Chestrum.

"Now, Miss Campinet," said the gallant baronet, "I hope I have got something to please you; I hope you won't be so shy; and as you will fancy my company as well as that gentleman's."

"Never—" said Miss Campinet, with emphasis.

The baronet stared and wondered.

"Is it to you, Sir Philip," said this young lady, with indignant scorn, "is it to you I am obliged for the information given me by my father, that I have received your addresses?"

"But you seem to be angry, Miss," said Sir Philip; "if I did, where was the harm?"

"The harm lies in the falsehood," the lady answered.

"But where lies the falsehood?" Sir Philip asked.

"Do you persist in it, Sir? When, Sir, or where, did I either accept, or you offer me any addresses?"

"Dear Miss, don't you remember? It was last Monday was a fortnight. Stay it was Tuesday; for grey Bess tumbled down and broke her knee as we went home, and next day we had the farrier; and that was Wednesday; you may see the scabs;" and Sir Philip pointed to grey Bess's knee.

This

This proof did not appear so satisfactory to Miss Campinet as Sir Philip probably expected; for she said with increasing scorn, "Answer my question, Sir."

Sir Philip stammered,—Miss Fluart laughed,—Mr. Hermsprong smiled; and Sir Philip growing angry, said, "As to you, Miss Fluart, ladies may say any thing; but as to this gentleman, it is neither mannerly nor respectful for him to laugh at nothing."

"If a man laughs at nothing," Hermsprong answered, "what is there to be angry at?"

"But," said the baronet, "I know you laughed at me."

"Then certainly, Sir, you do not suppose I laughed at nothing."

"I wonder what you can find to laugh at about me?"

"Vulgar people, unaccustomed to elegance, might laugh at the profusion of ornament, which decorates your person; and indeed Sir Philip Chestum is always superabundantly genteel."

"What signifies that to you, Sir? As if I did not pay for every thing I wear; and as if I wore any thing out of fashion. But this is only a put off. I desire you to tell me the truth."

"You are a most pertinacious enquirer after truth, Sir Philip," said Hermsprong,

smiling. "Suppose I should have laughed at the idea of your having mistaken Lord Grondale for Miss Campinet, and in consequence, of paying your first addressee not quite in the right place."

"I say, Sir," said the baronet, and stopped, unable to articulate for anger and trepidation.

"At your leisure, Sir Philip," said Hermsprong; "if you are not prepared to say now, take time."

"Sir," said the baronet, in a rage, "you are—"

"Do not call names, if you can help it, Sir Philip; it subjects gentlemen sometimes to inconveniences."

"I never saw such an odd kind of man in my life," said the baronet; "you are enough to provoke a standing tree."

"Better provoke a forest than such a man as Sir Philip Chestum," said Hermsprong. "Ladies, shall I entreat the favour of you to be walking on. I have an apology to make Sir Philip."

The ladies went on.

"I shan't chuse to stay behind," said Sir Philip.

"What, not to hear my apology?" replied Hermsprong.

"That's talking more like a gentleman," said the baronet, "but the main point is to refrain

refrain keeping company with Miss Campinet."

"A hard article, Sir."

"But it must be; for I am to marry her, and then it belongs to me to tell her who she is to keep company with."

"Husbands have great prerogatives I see. But till you are her husband, I should imagine she ought to be left to her own choice."

"But I think otherwise; for evil communications corrupt good manners."

"What evil do you suppose I should communicate to her, Sir Philip?"

"No body knows any thing about you here; so you might tell her any thing; and she might take a liking to you."

"I am not afraid of that."

"But may be I may."

"What are your fears to me, Sir Philip?"

"There—now you are off again. This is not talking like a gentleman."

"To talk like a gentleman is to tell Sir Philip Chestum that I will obey his commands."

"Why not? I am a baronet, am I not?"

"So they say. And your commands are that I should not come into the presence of Miss Campinet?"

"Yes,—its what you ought not to do."

"And

"And what is the consequence, if I should have the presumption to disobey?"

Sir Philip, not approving this question, I suppose, did not answer.

"Perhaps you will call me into the field of honor."

"It may be I may," said Sir Philip, assuming dignity.

"It will be a great honour to me to meet Sir Philip Chestrum there; and since I am afraid I cannot dispose myself to obey his orders respecting Miss Campinet, the sooner the better."

"But," said the baronet, with a little trepidation, "I shall not do you no such honour; as I don't know whether you are a gentleman. John, draw up." For there was a sawed and painted railing, which divided the carriage from the foot road.

"Good morrow, Sir Philip; shall I carry your compliments to Miss Campinet?"

"No—I shall send them by no such person; for I dare say you are no better than you should be."

"That I dare say too," replied Herm-sprong.

"Perhaps an Irish fortune hunter; or some such take-in gentleman," said Sir Philip, making up to the stile.

"One moment, Sir Philip, if you please. You have fallen into a little error of language which I am desirous to correct you for;

for; and since you do not chuse to consider me as a gentleman, you will not complain that my correction is not perfectly polite. Do you chuse to be thrown over the rails or whipped with nettles?"

"I chuse neither," said Sir Philip; "John, Thomas,—murder!"

Hermsprong did not throw Sir Philip, he only lifted him gently over the rails, and set him down softly on the other side; at the same time said, if I hear any more of these liberties of language, respecting Miss Campinet or myself, I shall correct them in a manner far less agreeable to you. But the footman had now leaped the railing, and was coming to his master's assistance.

"Friend," said Hermsprong, "I have no quarrel with you—keep yourself out of harm's way. The man, seeing his master safe, and probably not liking the rencontre, took quietly Mr. Hermsprong's advice.

Hermsprong was in an instant with the ladies, who had seen the transaction; though they had not heard the dialogue. He found Miss Fluart laughing; Miss Campinet in terror.

"You have terrified me exceedingly," said this latter lady; "Mr. Hermsprong do you consider consequences?"

"In these pleasant fallies of humour," Hermsprong replied, "one seldom does consider

consider consequences. Does Miss Campinet suppose some terrible ones are to arise, from Sir Philip's resentment? Will he swear the peace against me?"

"He will bring his action of assault and battery," said Miss Fluart.

"Then, my dear Miss Fluart, you will be my evidence, I did not beat him."

"Of Sir Philip," said Miss Campinet, "I do not think; his ideas of revenge will probably, be like all his ideas, mean and inconsequential. But is there no other person of whom Mr. Hermsprong might reasonably be afraid?"

"None," replied the gentleman.

"May not all this go misrepresented and aggravated to Lord Grondale?"

"Of what consequence is that to me?" asked Hermsprong.

"Mr. Hermsprong," said Miss Campinet, with a degree of solemnity, "you have been lately endeavouring to persuade me you entertain an affection for me."

"And in this persuasion, my dear Miss Campinet, I hope I have succeeded."

"How can I think you desire it, Sir, when upon no occasion, you take the trouble to conceal your contempt of my father?"

"I think not of your father; it is you, not him, I love; from you I expect my happiness, not him."

"In

"In this country," said Miss Fluart, "fathers, of rank and fortune especially, have great powers over their children."

"They have indeed, if they have the power to direct or control their affections," said Hermsprong.

"Perhaps," Miss Fluart replied, "they do not reach that point quite; but pray is not love a much more lively and lovely gentleman when he has golden wings?"

"I have not the honour to know love with golden wings."

"Let us descend,—Lord Grondale has great efficient powers in his strong box; such as love, airy as he is, may need."

"I cannot condescend to mix the idea of strong boxes, with felicity and Caroline Campinet."

"You are a sublime mortal; but do you know a lady called Prudence?"

"I hope I do."

"And will she allow Miss Campinet to give up a splendid fortune for love and Mr. Hermsprong?"

"If that is a necessary consequence, I hope she will."

"On the part of Miss Campinet, I presume this requires a tolerable portion of humility."

"Not more, I hope, than Miss Campinet possesses."

To ladies who have been brought up in
affluence

affluence and splendor, they are said to become necessities of life."

"Affluence may be Miss Campinet's, as high, if she pleases, as she herself can wish; but if grandeur, in its usual glittering forms, be to her a necessary of life, I fear it is not mine to supply it. Millions of revenue would not make me exchange the comforts of life for its parade. I have seen splendor in all its fantastic forms, till I sickened at the idea. Give me, heaven! any life, but the life of grandeur."

"Friend," said Miss Fluart, "with these sentiments you ought to look no higher for a wife than a barber's daughter."

"I have one better hope," answered the gentleman.

"And that one," said Miss Fluart.

"Caroline Campinet" replied Herm-
sprong.

"Have I," Miss Campinet asked, "ever given such hope?"

"I know not," he replied, "whether you have given, or whether I have stolen it from you. That I have it is certain, and it is certain also, no power but that of Miss Campinet can take it from me."

"Mr. Hermisprong," said this young lady, with a more serious air than usual, "that I esteem you much, I own; but if you imagine that I can, in your favour, disregard my duties——"

"I ask

"I ask no sacrifice of duty," Mr. Herm-
sprong answered, "nor any sacrifice, ex-
cept of prejudice. In return, Miss Cam-
pinet will not require of me the sacrifice
of my integrity to pride; or meaner still,
to money."

The entrance into the town prevented
farther conversation.

CHAP. IX.

IT was now become necessary for the la-
dies to communicate to each other their
respective letters from Lord Grondale.
Miss Fluart was kindly angry for her
friend; Miss Campinet was kindly sorry
for hers; whose affair with her father she
thought was becoming awfully serious.
On expressing this apprehension, Miss Cam-
pinet received an answer quite characte-
ristic from her fair friend.

"To serious girls, like you," said Miss
Fluart, "this affair might be vastly embar-
rassing; to mad creatures, like myself, it is
nothing. All things, as Sir Philip says, are
to be put up with from young ladies, espe-
cially if they are wild and handsome. As
oft

oft as his lordship indulged himself in making love to me, I took care to inform him, that I did believe I never could bring my mind to marry him. I shall write, to renew his memory on this head; and to give him the pleasing intelligence that this mind continues as foolish and obstinate as ever. Think not of me, my dear, but of yourself. It is probable Lord Grondale may indulge himself in a little persecuti-on, as you will call it; though to me it would be pastime. Had I a father who took it in his head to marry me to a man I disliked, were he as stern as old Cato, I should say, Venerable Sir, it is I who am to be married, not you; it is I, who am to bear his follies and his humours by day and by night, not you; it is altogether my own affair, and ought to be regulated by my own feelings. I allow you have a right to advise, and I give you leave to advise, provided you do it quietly. But I tell you beforehand, I will not take it, if it be to throw myself away upon that odious Sir Chestrum; or not to throw myself away upon that Hermsprong——”

“Stop, dear whimsical girl, stop; and tell me if you think I am likely to throw myself away upon this last named gentleman?”

“Why, you know, my dear, the man says he will have you. I do think he is an
obstinate

obstinate person; and how you will be able to resist the man, and his obstinacy too, I do not know."

"You think me favourably disposed to him."

"Yes, rather."

"And you think that disposition strong enough to make me risque Lord Grondale's displeasure, and its consequences?"

"Yes,—all but one."

"Pray, favour me with your opinion of Mr. Hermsprong."

"He is moderately tall."

"Pshaw!"

"Tolerably handsome."

"I care not."

"Rather genteel too, if he would dress more en coxcomb."

"Can you praise him no better?"

"I have given him all the attributes which carry our daughters of blood and ton so fast into Scotland; what would the girl have?"

"I had rather hear of the attributes of his mind; his good sense, his knowledge; his cool collected fortitude; his intrepidity; his contempt of meanness; his sentiments so noble, so exalted, so soaring above the reach of common minds."

"Very good, my dear. Yes, you will be able, by prayer and fasting, to risque all consequences. I wish, however, we
knew

knew something of his birth, parentage, and education; or are you willing to take him, as they advertize for stolen goods, and no questions asked?"

"I am not so far advanced, Maria. That I esteem him, I own; so much, perhaps, that it would be difficult for me to make another choice; but between esteeming and taking, there is some difference. I wish for happiness, and shall not chuse to risque it by imprudence."

"Especially the imprudence of losing a duchess's revenue?"

"If by this I lost only the freaks of greatness, I think I could be comforted."

"You are an apt scholar, my dear; and take your philosophy very fast; if you can get enough of it to overcome female vanity, you will have done a wonderful thing; something like a miracle I believe."

"Does it appear so difficult to conquer that vanity which is to be gratified only by things one does not want?"

"Not want? Change the expression, my dear; vanity creates almost as great wants as hunger, and much more teasing."

"If I can contrive to want the vanity, I can make shift, perhaps, without the gratification."

"Yes—if love can expel vanity—one need not complain of its weakness."

"I will talk no more to such a perverter of meanings; let us mind our business."

CHAP

CHAP. X.

THIS business was writing to Lord Grondale; a most arduous task to Miss Campinet. She desired to write dutifully; but there was a certain degree of indignation which rather weakened the expression. She wished to assure Lord Grondale, she never had encouraged Sir Philip; and this was easy; but she also desired to say explicitly and dutifully, that she never would; and she found this an insurmountable difficulty. The English language did not supply words to express what she meant, without conveying at the same time, a sort of intention to have a will of her own; an offence she feared her father would be little inclined to pardon. She confined herself therefore to informing his lordship that she detested Sir Philip Chestum, and always must detest him, for endeavouring to impose upon her father with a direct falsehood.

“ Miss Fluart, far from being embarrassed, with her accustomed playfulness, wrote as follows :

“ *My Lord,*

“ Your lordship’s favour of the 14th would have been more agreeable to me, if
it

it had not been quite so loving; and written upon the supposition that your lordship and I had absolutely agreed to intermarry with one another, as they say at Doctor's Commons; whereas, your lordship will be so good to remember, the agreement was only conditional; that is, if I could bring myself into a proper and wife-like affection for your lordship; which condition being not done and performed, the obligation to marry, as your lordship knows, becomes null and void. To be sure I endeavour to conquer this little difficulty, and if I am so fortunate as to succeed, I will send an express to your lordship with the agreeable intelligence.

"I really do not know what to say respecting Mr. Hermsprong's putting any part of your lordship's arms on Mrs. Garnet's carriage. If he has sinned against the sacred laws of heraldry, your lordship does not want the inclination to punish him. What but silly things can be expected from a young man, who throws away his money upon gauds for old women?

"Your lordship requires Miss Campinet to return, in order to receive the addresses of Sir Philip Chestum. I would recommend to your lordship to receive these addresses yourself; for if they are offered to Caroline in person, they must inspire her with invincible disgust; and this is not the
state

state of mind in which so just and tender a father as your lordship would wish a daughter should marry. Indeed, my lord, there should be a little affection, if it be no more than sufficient to prevent a nausea, which possibly might affect an elegant young woman upon the pawings of a bear or a monkey. You know, my lord, that is what I am waiting for; and when it comes I am ready. But indeed, and indeed, I must wait till it does come; and so ought all sober minded young women, like

Your lordship's most obedient servant,
MARIA FLUART."

CH A P. XI.

THESE letters being sent to the post, Miss Fluart sat down to dress,—Miss Campinet, to think. Twenty minutes had scarce passed in these operations, when Miss Fluart broke in upon her friend's reverie with this abrupt question. "Pray, my dear, what did Mr. Hermsprong mean by saying that Miss Campinet might, if she pleased, have affluence as large as woman's wish."

"Indeed," replied her fair friend, "I do
not

not know. Perhaps we misunderstood the expression. Perhaps it might be a flight of sentiment, meaning nothing more than that if Miss Campinet would not wish for wealth she might have as much as she desired."

"You are quite ingenious in your explanation," said Miss Fluart; "but it is not quite satisfactory, child. May I not take the liberty to ask him?"

"By no means," answered her fair friend. "It would appear as if I were really looking forward to a connexion with Mr. Herm sprong; and I would not have him suppose I am employed about any such consideration."

"Ah, my dear! but how if he supposes such a wicked thing, without your permission?"

"Then, if he is disappointed, he will not have a just cause of accusation against me."

"No—it will be all against his stars; and perhaps, Caroline, you may be rather angry at yours. However, if your delicacy has declared war against your curiosity, mine have not quarrelled, and I shall certainly set him to talk of his forefathers, this day upon our walk to Mrs. Marcour's."

Miss Campinet was going to be urgent with Miss Fluart, not to hazard such a step, when, instead of the gentleman, they received from him the following note.

"Mr. Herm sprong's compliments to
Miss

Miss Campinet and Miss Fluart,—a little necessity detains him from them and happiness, possibly for the whole day,—if so, to-morrow he hopes will not treat him as to-day will have done.”

The ladies had now another turn given to their curiosity; what could be the necessity? Was it another of his benevolencies? What could be the object? They wished for dinner; they wished for Mr. Sumelin; who probably might know his engagement. But neither did he come; and the sun set upon their curiosity; and the moon gave them not the light they wanted.

Mr. Sumelin, the next morning at breakfast, seemed disposed to be grave, sententious and laconic. He expected questions, and he had them.

Mrs. Sumelin, in a querulous tone, said, “You came home monstrous late, Mr. Sumelin.”

“Yes—monstrous late, Mrs. Sumelin.”

“I suppose you spent your evening as usual, at the tavern.”

“As usual, at the tavern.”

“I think you’ll live there after a while.”

“Any thing to oblige you, my dear.”

“I wonder what it is that makes taverns more agreeable to gentlemen than their own houses?”

“Love of independance, madam.”

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“Pray,”

"Pray," Miss Fluart asked, "had you Mr. Hermsprong?"

"No."

"You did not see him yesterday?"

"Yes, I did."

"Pray, where?"

"At Justice Saxby's."

Miss Campinet gave a little start.

"On justice business, may one ask?" said Miss Fluart.

"On justice business; Hermsprong the delinquent."

Another start.

"What had he done?" Miss Fluart asked.

"Maliciously, contumaciously, *vi et armis*, he had thrown over rails into the high road, no less a man than a baronet of this realm,--- no less a man than Sir Philip Chestum; and put him in fear of his life."

"Oh dear!" said Miss Sumelin, "was ever any thing so shocking?"

"I always said he was a headstrong young man," said Mrs. Sumelin. "And so I suppose they have sent him to jail; and to be sure he deserves it."

Mr. Sumelin did not reply to this. Miss Campinet's seat seemed uneasy. She set down her cup.

"What is your opinion of him, Harriet?" Mr. Sumelin asked.

"Sir,

"Sir, I always thought him a very proud man."

"And you, Charlotte?"

"I have seen so little of him," said this good-natured girl, "that I have only had time to remark his good qualities."

"Well, Miss Fluart?"

"He must have some bad qualities, Sir, for he is a man; but really I have not yet made a catalogue."

"Shall I have the honour of your opinion, Miss Campinet?"

"Whatsoever may be his faults, Sir, I think his virtues predominate."

"It is evident that Mrs. Sumelin and Harriet are the best judges; for he is bound over to his good behaviour; and I am his surety for peaceable demeanour. But here he comes; and I leave him to your correction. Sir, you have friends here, who are so good as to own that you have faults. One thinks you have a hot head; another that you have pride in it. Others have not yet dissected you. Carry your cup as even as you can here, Sir; for if these swear the peace against you, ten to one they will require other bonds than mine for their protection."

"Keep me, Sir, in happy ignorance," said Hermsprong, "to whom, in this charming society, I have the misfortune to be disagreeable."

“Be ignorant, if you can,” said Sumelin, as he retired. But indeed the happy lot of ignorance was denied him, merely because he did not take the precaution to shut his eyes.

“I hope,” said Hermsprong, “you are not disposed to punish Mrs. Marcour for my faults; nor me so heavily as not to permit my attendance.”

“I think, Caroline,” said Miss Fluart, rising to put on her cloak, “I think that punishment would be too grievous even for this sinful offender.”

Miss Campinet seemed to think so also, for she rose to prepare for departure. Poor Charlotte looked as if she wished it too; but Mrs. Sumelin said, she could not possibly spare her this morning.

C H A P. XII.

THEY were no sooner in the fields, than the ladies required of Hermsprong a full account of the movements of the renowned knight, Sir Philip Chestrum; which he gave in such a manner, that the fair ones could with difficulty confine themselves to that placid

placid and dignified smile, which that great schoolmaster of grace, the late Earl of Chesterfield, prescribed in lieu of laughter, to all the sons and daughters of men, who happened to be gentle folks born.

The morning was fine; Hermsprong proposed an extension of their walk, and to call on Mrs. Marcour on their return. Miss Campinet assented; Miss Fluart owned she was too much of the fine lady to relish long walks; but, says she, there is a condition—

“In my power?” asked Hermsprong.

“Yes,” Miss Fluart replied; “it is, that you will talk of yourself; you are an odd, out of the way mortal; but I suppose you had a father and mother notwithstanding; and I want to know whether they were as odd as yourself.”

“Relaters of their own memoirs have seldom a right to unlimited credit, but I shall obey your injunctions with all the regard to truth I can. That I shall be without spot or blemish you may reasonably expect; but I perhaps may have the candour to own that, my father, mother, and et ceteras had their faults. You will conclude, from my name, that I am of Germany. My grandfather was a man of rank and affluence. My father the second of three sons. His younger brother and himself, at the respective ages of twenty and twenty-one, were rivals in love; and this brother, by a series of

D 3

treachery,

treachery, and with a cunning one finds it difficult to believe could be the inhabitant of so young a breast, brought my father, almost in the same moment, under the heavy displeasure of my grandfather, and the still more insupportable misfortune of killing, as he then believed, his dearest friend in a duel. He was obliged to fly; and his elder brother being then on his tour, he joined him in France. His reception was cool and disgusting; my father found it impossible to bear. Sick, and almost in absolute penury, he went to Bagnieres; wrote thence to my grandfather; and entreated pardon and subsistence. The latter was granted. There was a servant in the family not much older than himself, for whom my father had conceived an attachment, and who had dropped and neglected business ever since his absence. This man my grandfather pitched upon to carry some immediate relief to his unfortunate son, together with his last commands. These were never more to set foot in his native country, which he had so disgraced; to change his name; and never on any account to claim an alliance with his family. On these conditions, he gave him leave to draw on his banker for 6000*l*. My father, hurt almost to death by such injustice and such cruelty; abhorring the treachery of one brother, and disgusted with the polite non-chalance of the other, willingly

willingly returned the messenger with the required acceptance.

“ But the man had also conditions to make. He told my father, he never intended to return. His intention, in coming was to offer his service to himself, and if he was not accepted, to try his fortune in America, where he had a brother. ‘ And, Sir,’ says the man, ‘ in whatever place, or whatever station of life you chose to settle in, you must have a servant ; and one that will serve you for less wages, and with more fidelity you will never find. For, Sir, if I may presume to say it, I love you ; I know you have been basely betrayed ; and I know one of the agents in the plots which were laid to entrap you. I will go back, if you will permit me to return ; otherwise not ; for I have ill treatment to complain of as well as you, though not so atrocious.’

“ This offer my father accepted with pleasure. His servant, Claus, performed his journey with celerity, and came back to Bagnieres, enabled to disclose to his master the whole system of treachery by which he had been undone. This I cannot relate, nor think of without rage and horror. It is a black perfidious tale ; much I wish never to have known it ; much to be able to blot it from my memory. Its closing scene was the ruin of the young lady, by his brother, who had supplanted my father in her affections.

“There was at Bagnieres for health, a young French lady, Mademoiselle Ruprè, the daughter of a rich weaver at Nantes. My father and she had formed an acquaintance, and it was at the time when Claus returned ripening apace into love. On my father’s side, perhaps resentment aided the passion; for he believed the lady he had loved in his own country a party in the perfidy of his brother.

“Having recovered her health, Miss Ruprè returned to Nantes, partly accompanied, partly followed by my father. Mr. Jean Ruprè, my maternal grandfather, was extravagantly fond of his only child, and also extravagantly fond of his money. By permission of Miss Ruprè, my father waited upon him; obtained an audience; told his love; but at the same time told his disgrace, and consequently the state of his fortune. Mr. Ruprè perceived in an instant, he was not a proper match for his daughter; and informed him of this perception with rather less politeness than a courtier would have used upon the occasion.

“This grieved Miss Ruprè, and she undertook one day to reason with her father, and know his objections. He had but one—money; for what was 6000*l.* compared with her expectations? Miss Ruprè said, that money did not make happiness; for she had read much, and this sentiment is to be found

found in a prodigious number of books. Authors in general, know money does not make their happiness; and thence conclude rather too hastily, it could not make that of other people. Now it did make Mr. Ruprè's; who fell into a passion at his daughter's quotations, and abused the poor rogues who chose to live by writing nonsense, rather than by honest industry.

"A month had passed away in these reasonings and rebukes, when Mr. Ruprè, a man of business, and accustomed to decision, proposed to his daughter three gentlemen, all men of substance and industry, for her choice of one. Not one being to her taste, she rejected all. Mr. Jean Ruprè was scarce ever before in so great a passion. He was a pious catholic; yet he swore—yes he swore—one of these, or a nunnery should be her portion.

"Opposition, especially parental, is the true blow-bellows of love; the metaphor is coarse, but I am told it is true. Miss Ruprè said to her father with great respect, since it must be so, Sir, I chuse the nunnery as the lesser evil.

"Mr. Ruprè had drank a good deal of Burgundy in the course of those pleadings, by way of calming his passions. It had assisted him in his arguments, and had made him understand that daughters had no rights but the rights of obedience. He laid

this down to her as an incontrovertible proposition. She answered with a smile, she had never before heard of those rights. So a few days after, her ignorance was rewarded by a convent.

C H A P. XIII.

LOST to his country, to fortune, and to love, my father had almost sunk into despondence. There was at Nantes a young man, of German extraction, a Mr. Germersheim, whose father was settled as a merchant in Philadelphia, and who had sent this son upon a mercatorial tour to Europe. This tour he had now completed, and was at this time loading his father's vessel, in which he was to return home. It had happened to this Mr. Germersheim also to fall in love, and very fortunately with the most intimate friend of Miss Ruprè. But this lady was one of six daughters, and her father had neither the wealth of Mr. Jean Ruprè, nor Mr. Ruprè's passion for it. Every thing had been agreed upon, and nothing but the sanction of old Germersheim
ever

every day expected, prevented the immediate union.

“An acquaintance had commenced between my father and this young man, which a knowledge of each other, had matured into a cordial esteem. They had no secrets; and Germerheim revived my father’s hopes, by offering him America for a country; his power with Miss Liffot, to endeavour to prevail upon her friend to make herself happy; and his assistance in the new world to any establishment he should fix upon.

“Most willingly, if nunneries were in the same estimation as they have been, would I give for the benefit of the fair, not only the ingenious contrivance by which Miss Ruprè was liberated, but all others which have ever come to my knowledge, or entered my imagination. For most willingly, any way, every way, would I counteract the diabolical policy that has dictated such cruel abstractions. But, thank heaven, and common sense, nunneries are no more, or no more in estimation, at least, in France; so that I have only occasion to say, Miss Ruprè arrived safe at Philadelphia, accompanied by Mrs. Germerheim, and on the day of her landing became the wife of my father.

“When rapture had a little subsided.”

“That is,” said Miss Fluart, “when love began to die——”

“And

“And something better,” continued Hermisprong, “had succeeded in its place, it became necessary to think of the future. My mother had written to her father, imploring forgiveness, I suppose, but not expressing much of penitence; he did condescend to answer, that as her husband had forfeited his life by the laws of France, he could not return thither. That her life was not forfeited, because she had not professed; but, no doubt, she would prefer a husband to a father, and love to duty. For his part, he never was a man that liked to pay for that which he had not; and as he had not now a daughter, he did not chuse to pay for one. Indeed he had supposed that heaven had been speedy in its vengeance; for he had heard that the Concordia, the vessel she was believed to have sailed in, was lost off Cape Finisterre, and all perished. Now it was true that the Concordia was lost, and that they had intended to take the voyage in her; but had changed their purpose; and hired the Arethuse; principally because Germerheim’s vessel, being heavy laden, could not accommodate the ladies, so well as was desired. This very circumstance too, of sailing in the Concordia, my father had written to a young gentleman of his own country, his friend, he believed; but from whom he never heard more.

“Mr.

“Mr. Jean Ruprè concluded, by informing his daughter, that it would be useless to trouble him with any more letters,—as she had brewed she must bake; as she had made her bed, so she must lie in it; and for his part, he would try if an obedient wife would not console him for the loss of a disobedient daughter.

“My father, at the same time, received a short latin letter, in a distorted hand, anonymous, dated Paris, to inform him, he was not safe in Philadelphia; nor in any American port. That Monsieur had the patronage of the convent; that the court had entered into his resentment, or rather that of the abbess; and that dark designs were forming against him.

“This friendly letter, my father always supposed came from a gentleman, a secretary in one of the public offices; with whom he had become intimate at Bagnieres.

“It was now time for removal, for action, for decision. Unfortunately it happens, that almost in every country, a gentleman suddenly reduced to penury, is the most helpless of human beings, and my father has often confessed how strongly he felt this impotence. Once he had thought of giving public lectures in philosophy, for which, as far as knowledge was requisite, he was well qualified; or taking the superintendence of an academy; being a
good

good master of several living languages, and eminently so of English. But these schemes, and similar to these, could not now be thought of; and were not indeed promising, for another cause; the quarrels then arising between America and her mother country.

“Mr. Germersheim the younger, cultivated the fur trade. At this time he had with him, the son of a Nawdoessie chief, employed on a trading embassy. He had sufficient English to be understood; and my father fond of seeing man in a less civilized state, was delighted to converse with him. It occurred to my father that by this man’s means, he might find an asylum, gratify his ardent desire to know man, assist his friend’s business, and employ himself to advantage. He proposed it to Germersheim, who himself had thought of the scheme, but motives of delicacy had prevented his mentioning it. It was soon agreed upon. Stores were sent to Michillimakinac, to await my father’s call. He himself set out with the Nawdoessie, for winter was coming on; and my mother then pregnant, was prevailed on to stay at Philadelphia till the ensuing spring.

“It appears to me,” said Hermsprong, “that the story I am telling you is very tedious and totally uninteresting. The ladies, with more politeness than veracity perhaps,

perhaps, assured him to the contrary. I cannot, (says he) make it entertaining; I must make it short.

“My father was well received. The head man of the village, whose name was Lontac, and who had acquired the appellation of the Great Beaver, received him into his tent. There was a commerce of civility, but none of language. To remedy this, my father availed himself of the son's assistance, and during the winter months, learned enough of their language, to be able to communicate all the ideas he believed would be necessary for their mutual accommodation.

“Early in spring my father sent for stores, and having distributed presents of rum and tobacco, a meeting of head men, from all the Nawdoessie villages, whom the Great Beaver addressed thus: ‘Six moons ago, a man from the American people came hither, brought by my son, to strengthen peace betwixt us. He has learned our language. He loves our customs. He will reside with us a vast number of moons; perhaps till the great spirit calls him away. He has a wife and people. We must build him a wigwam; large, that it may be unto us a storehouse of all the good things we want from the European people. He will be our friend. When we go to war, he will aid us with his counsel. When we return from
hunting

hunting he will buy our skins. So we shall have powder and guns, cloth to warm us in winter, and rum to cheer us.'

"The Great Beaver's speech was well received. The wigwam was built; large and commodious. The stores were deposited. My mother and myself, for I had made my appearance in this best of worlds, arrived safe, with our European servants, our books, our music, our instruments of drawing, and every thing that could be supposed to alleviate the solitude my mother had pictured to herself.

"This afflicting solitude, however, did not arrive. The people were civil and attentive; Lontac's family obliging; and there was novelty in the scene. My father even found it difficult to procure leisure for the studies and amusements he most liked. When he could, he read, wrote, drew the rude scenes around him; and kept up a correspondence of philosophy as well as business with Mr. Germersheim.

"My mother was a very good woman; not without her prejudices indeed, but a good woman, and a zealous catholic. She loved my father; she saw him in a place of safety and happy. She was happy herself, except when she thought of France, her father, and the convent. The last disturbed her most. She feared she had committed a crime; she had no confessor, and
could

could not absolve herself. She confessed indeed to my father, who consoled her always, and would have given her absolution, had she been pleased to accept it. At length it came into her mind, that greater sins than hers might be expiated, by a conversion to christianity of a few Nawdoessie females. How did she know, but she might be the agent appointed by God, for producing this salutary change in a whole people?

“Lodiquashow, the wife of Lontac; the best of squaws, the most obedient of wives, had never presumed to sit down in the presence of the Great Beaver, till she had brought him six children. With her my mother determined to begin the great work, and applied herself to learn the language with an assiduity which surprised my father. Perhaps she began her pious labour before she had attained sufficient powers of explanation; for although Lodiquashow heard my mother with the most patient attention, nor once offended by interruption, contradiction, or remark; all the assent my mother was ever able to attain, was, the Great Spirit and Lontac only know.

“Unable to produce any effect upon the stupid Lodiquashow, or the two daughters, who still remained ungiven away in marriage, she determined to try her powers

ers on Lontac himself. Sixty moons, however, passed away before she durst venture; partly owing to a fear she had not yet acquired the full force of the Nawdoessie tongue; and partly to a sort of awe of this venerable chief, who was himself an orator, and who was much beloved, respected, and obeyed.

“At length my mother asked an audience and obtained it. It appeared indeed to Lontac to be an inversion of order, that the Great Beaver should lend his ear to a woman for instruction; but there is in these people a politeness derived from education, as well as ours, which qualifies them for patient hearers, to a degree I have never observed in more polished nations.

“What most of all astonished my mother, was, that though Lontac, after a few lectures, seemed himself to put her on speaking, and to be amused, if not instructed, was, that she could seldom obtain an answer, and when she did, it was only to thank her for the pains she took on his account. It is true, he did not always understand; when he understood, he did not always approve; but it is only for a native American to arrive at so high a degree of politeness, as to testify disapprobation, only by a respectful silence.

“Wondering that any human creature should be deaf to persuasion, and blind to the sublime truths she had now so oft explained,

plained, she began at times to be angry, and ladies are seldom angry without a little gentle abuse. Entreated, almost commanded, to answer, Lontac spoke with all possible gravity, and the greatest respect, as follows:

“One day’s journey west of this place, there is, as you have heard, a large lake called the White Bear; because white bears were numerous on its banks, and disputed the sovereignty of the adjacent lands with man. About a thousand moons ago, when the war had lasted many generations of bears and men, the two powers agreed upon a truce, and met on a certain bank of the lake, in order to have a talk. When the orators on both sides——”

“On both sides!” exclaimed my mother.

“Lontac proceeded. ‘Were preparing to speak, a figure arose from the midst of the lake, of vast dimensions; viewed on one side, it seemed to be a bear; on the other, it seemed to be a man. The white bear part of this awful figure, waved its paw in the air, to command silence, then said, with a terrific voice——’”

“Was ever any thing so preposterous!” cried my mother. “Sure it is impossible you should believe it.”

“Why impossible?” answered Lontac, “it is tradition handed down to us from
our

our fathers. We believe, because they said it."

"Bears speak!" again exclaimed my mother.

"A serpent," answered Lontac, "spoke to the first woman; an ass spoke to a prophet; you have said so, and therefore I believe it."

"But," said my mother, "they were inspired."

"So was the half white bear. The Great Spirit inspires every thing."

"But this is so excessively absurd," said my mother.

"I have not called your wonders absurd," Lontac replied; "I thought it more decent to believe."

"What have I told you so preposterous?" asked my mother.

"Many things far removed from the ordinary course of nature," Lontac replied, "I do not presume to call them preposterous. It is better to believe than contradict."

"Such obstinacy of politeness provoked my mother, almost as much as contradiction could have done; she told my father what a stupid creature she had undertaken to instruct; and desired that he would endeavour to bring him to the light of truth. My father answered, "My dear, they have had missionaries, whose holy lips have hitherto

therto failed. Perhaps our mysteries are too refined for their gross understanding. Perhaps the time appointed by providence for their conversion is not yet come."

"I despise them," said my mother, "prodigiously."

"Do, my dear," my father replied, "as much as you can with civility, people who are always doing you services, and shewing their regard. I despised them myself, till I found them my equals in knowledge of many things of which I believed them ignorant; and my superiors in the virtues of friendship, hospitality, and integrity."

"I shall never be easy amongst them," said my mother.

"You will indeed, my dear," answered my father, "when you don't think of converting them."

C H A P. XIV.

"**I**T is my intention," continued Herm-
sprong, "to give you a sketch only of my
father and mother's story, for in their paci-
fic retirement, there is little to gratify cu-
riosity,

riosity; nothing to excite your compassion; nothing to inspire terror. But I have deviated from my intention, perhaps improperly, merely because this conversation, amongst many others, I found amongst my father's papers after his decease; and imagined it might give you a taste of savage politeness."

"So far," Miss Campinet answered, "from wishing you to abbreviate such communications, I could listen with pleasure to more, I fear, than you with pleasure can give; for to you they are old; to me, not new only, but strange; and as pleasing as strange. I admire the old Indian; the more perhaps, because I could not expect from such a man so much of sentiment, and so cool and firm a mode of expressing it. Whatsoever might be the error of his opinions, they flowed naturally from his education. But of yourself, Mr. Hermsprong, you have yet said nothing."

"Of myself, Miss Campinet, I have nothing to say, but that the active part of my life was spent like that of other young Indians, whose very sports are athletic; and culculated to render man robust, and inure him to labour and fatigue. Here I always found my superiors. I could not acquire the speed of many of my companions; my sense of smelling was less acute—my sagacity inferior. I owe this probably to the
the

the sedentary portion of my life, spent with my father, in learning languages, in mathematics, in I know not what. My father, always thinking of Europe, was desirous I should have a taste, at least, of the less useful, but more ornamental parts of knowledge. In consequence, I am superficial. I have a mouthful of many sciences, a meal of none. In this I believe I resemble the generality of young Englishmen. It is fashion here—and surely a people more obedient to fashion never have existed—never can exist.

“Such was the life I led amongst the aborigines of America; I am fond of the remembrance of it. I never there knew sickness, I never there felt ennui. I even loved some of my copper-coloured companions—”

“And none of your companionesses?” asked Miss Fluart.

“Oh no,—I was too young. Love is there a simple lesson of nature. They never experience its pains; they never refine upon its pleasures. Yet the modesty of their young women is uncommon. They have delicacy also, and respecting men, a timidity of which here I have seen not many examples.”

“And this timidity towards men,” says Miss Fluart, “is what I suppose you would principally recommend to us.”

“Not

“Not I indeed. My recommendation to the ladies would be, to acquire minds to reason, understandings to judge; for when they will take the trouble to reason a little, and judge for themselves, they do it so well, that propriety of action must follow of necessity, and then they are——”

“What, Sir?” asked Miss Fluart.

“Women, madam,” Hermsprong replied; “heavenly women; such as a man might take to his bosom with a possibility of an increase to his happiness.”

“Indeed!” said Miss Fluart; “well, you are prodigious at a compliment; and under your tuition we must be amazing creatures. But pray, Sir, proceed.”

“What more have I to tell my lovely hearers, but that I grew up in the grace of God, and in the keeping of many of the ten commandments. That I could almost run up a tree like a squirrel; almost catch an antelope; almost, like another Leander, have swam over a sea to a mistress, had I had one. That at the end of ten years, my father found himself affluent to his own satisfaction; and meditated a return to Philadelphia. This was prevented by the war that gained England the loss of her colonies. Two years after, I lost my father by an inflammatory fever; an incalculable loss; for his instructions were my daily benefit; his fond affection, my daily

ly happiness. Almost the affliction sunk my mother to the grave. She wrote to France. She asked again of her father forgiveness; but she asked nothing else. On the contrary, she informed him that she had wealth sufficient to enable her to spend the remainder of her life where and how she pleased. No other possible plea could so soon have disposed my grandfather to compassion. He forgave her now with all his heart. He even desired she would hasten to comfort his old age. For it must be owned, that, except money, he was poor in articles of comfort. His old friends, or rather companions, had deserted him for heaven; a loving widow, whom he took into his house, and to his bosom, after my mother's leaving him, but whom he would not marry, had been negligent in the household œconomy, had found means to divert some sums of money from their destination to the chest; and had even failed in the point of honour; for my grandfather had bargained, and, as he thought, paid dear enough, for her whole person.

“ Before the expiration of a year, by the kind aid of Mr. Germerheim, we were safe in France. I was then sixteen; my grandfather thought I was too wild and rude. The ladies of our affinities were shocked to see me enter a room so ungracefully; so

they sent me to learn to dance. My grandfather thought proper that I should be well skilled in book-keeping. Of the latter school, however, I did not like the confinement; of the former, the frivolity and grimace. I told my mother this, and desired her leave to run over France, in the way I had run over great part of America since my father's death; that is, on foot, attended only by a man to carry a few changes of linen et cetera——. Perhaps I should not have obtained her consent, had not a great decrease of plumpness and animal spirits, made her apprehensive I was beginning to suffer by so great a change of habits. In seven years, then, I had made excursions half over Europe; in which time I lost first my grandfather, and little more than two years since, my mother. I have succeeded to the fortunes of both; and not liking the situation of things in France, I sold all I was able, and have dispersed the money into different banks, principally in England, Italy, and America. Lastly, I have come over into England, to look at it; resolved, if I did not find it more suited to my taste than the rest of Europe, to return to America; buy 30,000 acres of land, and amuse myself with peopling a desert."

"I hope, then," said Miss Fluart, "you have found England to your taste?"

"Yes,—

"Yes,—I have found Miss Campinet in it."

"Eh,—well!" Miss Fluart exclaimed, "and so, then——"

"And so then, like all true lovers, I find I have but one want."

"You want Miss Campinet?"

"I do."

"Wise men, they say, when they want a thing, take the properest means to get it."

"I hope I do. I take the means of probity. Miss Campinet shall see me as I am."

"Your probity, Sir, is a little of the inflexible."

"Can probity be otherwise? what is it else, than doing what is right? Or what you think is right?"

"But the affair does not depend on Miss Campinet alone."

"In my opinion, it does. It is she alone whom I desire. She loves me too. I am bold enough to make the confession for her; because she dare not make it for herself."

"Miss Fluart burst into laughter. Miss Campinet only smiled, and said, "Suppose it so, Mr. Hermsprong, of what consequence is it, since you will not take the trouble to conciliate my father?"

"That trouble, could I stoop to take it,

after what is past, would be in vain. I am honoured with his inveterate hatred. I am marked for his persecution. Were it possible, he would hunt me down. *At his malice I laugh. The wounds he would inflict are terrible. The wounds he can inflict are harmless."

"But," said Miss Campinet, with emphasis, "He is my father."

"The reply was, "How do you know?"

"Miss Campinet started. "Would you have me," says she, "impute infamy to my mother?"

"No, my too apprehensive Miss Campinet, no. But fathers ought to be known by their cares, their affections. Tell me now, and let no prejudice arrest your judgment, Are there obligations binding on one party only? obligations which are not reciprocal?"

"It is a question of too great range, Mr. Hermsprong; but suppose it so," said Miss Campinet, "does a breach on one side dissolve the obligation on the other?"

"I think so," replied Hermsprong.

"Let us try now," said Miss Fluart. "Here am I now, your wife, the most charming creature in the universe; in two years you begin to wonder what made you think so. You find another quite as much to your taste. You play the false. Am I at liberty to return the favour?"

"Yes,

“Yes, my most charming creature in the universe; yes, as far as respects myself. But in this case, you have contracted an obligation with society also. Society does not think itself so much injured by the lapse of the male. In short, you bear the children. To you, I need not point out the important deductions from this single circumstance.”

“Nor, indeed, had it been necessary, would Mr. Hermsprong have had time; for they were now entering Falmouth. This long conversation had been interrupted at Mrs. Marcour’s, and afterwards renewed. I thought it useless to mark the interruption.”

CHAP. XV.

IT is time to think of Sir Philip Chestrum, a gentleman now, of too much consequence to us, to be neglected. From the field of action lately commemorated, the insulted baronet drove home, and poured his griefs into the gentle bosom of his mamma; which swelled, as all gentle bosoms do, when a naughty man gives them justifiable causes

of anger. When this subsided, she had the goodness to consider what could be done for her darling, and her dignity. She was not so cruel as to harbour any of those principles of revenge with which persons of high honour call one another into the field. She found a better expedient, and more consonant to that moderation of mind, which Sir Philip felt on the occasion. It was first, to swear the peace against Hermsprong, which was done in due form; and then to proceed to Grondale Hall with his complaints, his pedigree, and his rent-roll.

Sir Philip found at Lord Grondale's, several gentlemen accustomed to pay his lordship an annual visit. The most conspicuous of these were a Mr. Lowram and Sir John Wing. Mr. Lowram was rather in years, grave generally and silent, and sometimes thoughtful. Sir John had not yet begun to think. It was first necessary he should lose his money and mortgage his estates, that he might have something to think of. For he was young, not incumbered with too much understanding, and just entering into genteel life under the auspices of Mr. Lowram, a distant relation. The rest of the party, were three gentlemen, all elderly, who, with Mr. Lowram, formed a groupe of the most easy manners; so much alike, there was scarce
a per-

a perceptible difference of character. Perfectly genteel in their address, and valuable (Mr. Lowram excepted) without much meaning; all gamesters, but less gamesters than *bon vivans*; all victims of gout, save one, hitherto preserved by a true carbuncle face. Not men of hunting, nor addicted to the sports of the field, their earliest hour of rising was eleven. By one they had compleated their toilets, and met to breakfast; after which they sat down to whist, in the sociable small way; that is, what they call guinea points. If I thought an explanation necessary to any one of my male or female readers, I would give it; but with this lamentable degree of ignorance, no person, in this enlightened country, above the degree of peasants, can be charged. At five, our uniform party

Tried all hors d'oeuvres, all liqueres defined.
With spirit drank, and greatly daring, dined.

Leaving this pastime about nine, they indulged themselves with a few throws of the dice; resigning themselves with more liberality, and more directly to fortune, without presuming to interfere in her decisions by any efforts of the head. A light supper, and a little warm punch, concluded the evening, and carried them to repose, well satisfied with having spent the day in a gentleman like manner. Thus,

not much indebted to wisdom, and not flinted with any thing that is now called folly, glided the even tenor of their lives; guilty of no actions which deserve a record, but in the annals of oblivion, one excepted, which looked so much like wisdom, and being quite a curiosity in its kind, I hope I shall please my readers by the communication of.

Mr. Lowram was a younger brother, and designed for the church; but the death of his father and the more sudden one of his brother, whilst he was yet at Oxford, threw him into the possession of several thousands a-year, and into genteel societies, very capable of instructing him how to spend it. He proved too a docile scholar, and being blessed with a steward who knew business, and did not very strongly invite him to the consideration of his own affairs, till half his estate was gone, the first ten years of genteel life was quite a whirlwind of joy. To think at all was then become a heavy task; and to think of œconomy, an insupportable one. He did however advance so far in reformation as to make several prudential resolutions; and nothing was wanting but the power of keeping them. A salutary sickness detained him in his apartment several weeks; he was seized with fits of prayer and penitence; and having made the most astonishing reflections,
a nato-

anatomised man in general, and himself in particular, he formed, yes, and executed the following scheme of things.

Imprimis. To dismiss his steward and sell his estates.

Secundo. To divide the 30,000*l.* raised by these means into two equal parts.

Tertio. To sink one for an annuity; and deposit the other with an eminent banking house, for a fund for gaming.

But the *Quarto et ultimo* was the crown and perfection of provisionary wisdom. By a clause in the annuity agreement, he agreed to forfeit one half of it, if ever he drew out the last of the 15000*l.* deposited for his gaming fund. And upon this fund, not applying a guinea of it to any purpose but its own, had he gamed for the last thirty years; and had the good fortune, at the time we are now arrived at, not to have sunk it above one third.

C H A P. XVI.

A Little before Sir Philip Chestrum's arrival, Lord Grondale had received the letters from Miss Campinet and Miss Fluart, mentioned in a former chapter. Nei-

ther of these pleased him. In his daughter's, there was concealed rebellion in the garb of duty; in Miss Fluart's, there was—he did not know what. It was not easy for a man of sense not to have a glimpse of perception, that she might be laughing at him; but pride happily came to his aid, and stifled the odious idea in its birth.

Lord Grondale soon perceived the state of Sir Philip Chestum's intellects; but his rent-roll was found; and that ought to be, and generally is, the care of every good father.

When the baronet had given his lordship a full account of his lands and monies, intermingled, as Lady Chestum had ordered, with certain genealogies of the Raimoules, he proceeded to complain of Miss Campinet, as having greatly altered her courteous demeanor towards him, ever since the arrival at Falmouth of one Herm sprong, come from foreign parts he believed, and as conceited as sin. He came about a month ago, said Sir Philip, and since then I never could get her by herself, to tell her more of my mind.

“Damnation!” half said, half thought his lordship. “And Miss Fluart?”

“Yes—Miss Fluart. They three are always together; and they fetch long walks in the country, with a pretence to see a sick woman

woman that comes from France. And it was but last Monday, when I had got your lordship's letter to Lady Chestrum, I overtook them altogether ; and because I told Miss Campinet she ought to give me more of her company and him less, he behaved so monstrous rudely, I was forced to swear the peace against him."

"Really!" said his lordship, half ashamed of his destined son-in-law ; " I hope he did not offer to lay violent hands upon you ?"

" Yes, he did ; he flung me over a rail ; it was a mercy he did not break my bones."

Here his lordship made a long and thoughtful pause. It is probable a little contempt for Sir Philip, mingled with the desire he had to be angry at Hermsprong. At length his lordship burst out in angry exclamations : " Such licentious behaviour—a baronet probably soon to be a peer—assaulted *vi et armis*—by a fellow who nobody knows—it is insufferable."

" Yes,—quite insufferable, my lord."

" If he was a gentleman one would call him out."

" Yes, my lord, but who would dirty his fingers with a man that is not a gentleman ?"

" We must consider how we can punish him."

On

On the next day Mr. Corrow was sent for; the business laid before him; and Lord Grondale suggested a hint, that Hermisprong might possibly mean a robbery. This was ingenious; and; Mr. Corrow, desirous to serve so good a client to the utmost of his abilities, pondered upon it, examined the baronet's two servants, cogitated again, and at last declared to his lordship it was quite hopeless.

"But," said his lordship, "it might serve to throw him in prison."

"I fear," said the lawyer, "no justice would commit him."

"If Doctor Blick was here," said his lordship; "and he will be here in a fortnight. He has been some time at his canonry."

"Yes, Doctor Blick is the very gentleman; he would not scruple to oblige your lordship," said Mr. Corrow.

"In the meantime," proceeded Lord Grondale, "attack the fellow immediately with an action of assault and battery. A jury will give large damages, when they consider the rank of the offended person. At any rate, my interest, joined to Lady Chestrum's, may make this county no longer a desirable residence for the fellow."

Of late Lord Grondale had been so agreeably engaged, his time had passed so pleasantly, that he had thought of Miss Fluart with
with

with less ardour; of Hermsprong with less violence; of his daughter not at all. Bitter remembrances were now renewed. The day, indeed, allowed him no time to indulge them; but they intruded upon his pillow without contributing to his repose. Miss Fluart! could it be possible, a simple girl, raw from the boarding school, should dare to conceive the idea of playing upon such a man as Lord Grondale? Certainly it was impossible. And yet to be thus familiar with Hermsprong! the man on earth he most abhorred! What was this but deceit—but treachery, aggravated by indignity? Women are devils.

Yes, I, Gregory Glen, the humble compiler of this authentic history founded on facts,—I, have more than once tried to be angry with some fair creature, who having smiled on me, smiled afterwards on another. I too have called women, devils. Charming devils though, my heart forced me to confess. Even when I was most disposed to be angry, some delightful retrospects—some something or other, prevented my making any great progress in wrath. So, probably, was it now with Lord Grondale; for, alas! lords, in love, are men, meer men. Some something pleaded for the fair Miss Fluart, and opposed her utter condemnation. So his lordship's final resolve was, to recall his daughter

daughter instantly, and peremptorily. To invite or rather to suppose it certain, that Miss Fluart would return with her; this, if she did, all might yet be well. If not — women were devils! he would force his daughter to marry Sir Philip, and never think of woman more.

C H A P. XVII.

LORD GRONDALE would have delayed putting in practice the resolution he had formed, till his guests, whose visit was almost expired, had taken their leave. But it was still ten or twelve days to the New-market meeting, which called them away; and what might not such a time produce? His lordship wrote therefore to Miss Campinet in the most positive terms, to Miss Fluart in the most polite, commanding the first, and requesting the last, to set out immediately for Grondale, but without assigning a cause, or mentioning Sir Philip Chestum or Mr. Hermsprong. Some speculation, his lordship's letters must necessarily cause at Falmouth; Miss Campinet, however, disposed herself to instant obedience;

ence; and Miss Fluart, not bearing the thought of deserting her fair friend at so gloomy a crisis, his lordship had the pleasure of seeing her alight from the chaise with his daughter, a day sooner than his expectation.

It was evening, and rather, for Lord Grondale, an unfortunate hour; for the orgies to Bacchus had just ended, and the society was engaged in making exchanges of property, not by bargain and sale, but by a summary appeal to chance. I am told that this affair seizes upon man, and binds him down in chains stronger even than those of love. Difficult as it is to believe this, I must own Lord Grondale's movements this night will not assist me to confute it. His lordship did step in to the ladies for a moment indeed, but it was only to say, that politeness rendered it indispensable to him not to leave his guests, and to request Miss Fluart to have the goodness to command in his house. To his daughter he did not condescend to speak.

In the morning his lordship sent a message to Miss Fluart, that he would do himself the pleasure to breakfast with her. He rose an hour earlier than usual, and had the satisfaction to find her alone in the breakfast room. Fortune had been kind to him the preceding evening; he was higher in his spirits than in a morning was usual

to him; Miss Fluart appeared to be more lovely than ever; as fast as he could fly, he flew to embrace her; he forgot the letter she had written; her commerce with Herm-sprong; every thing but herself.

But there was a sort of repelling coldness in Miss Fluart, which would soon have brought him to a soberer sense of things, had not Miss Campinet entered; and before she could well pay her duty to Lord Grondale, and observe the man of gallantry changed into the stern father, was followed by Sir Philip Chestrum. That the baronet was in the house, Miss Campinet very well knew, and expected his morning visit; yet she almost started at seeing him. He bowed; her returning courtesy was scarce perceptible. He bade her good morning; if she answered, it was too low to be heard.

"I dare say now," said he, "you did not expect to see me here."

"Certainly, Sir," she answered, "I did not wish it."

"No," the baronet replied; "no, Miss; I know you had rather have seen Mr. Herm-sprong."

"What is it to you, Sir," she answered, with strong contempt, "who I had rather see?"

The baronet was confounded, and his lordship rather surprised; but the entrance
of

of servants with breakfast, put, at present, an end to recrimination.

When breakfast was ended, Sir Philip again ventured to address his mistress, but received a cold look, and an ungracious answer. Lord Grondale then thought proper to say to his daughter, a little more deference to my friends, Miss Campinet, would not misbecome you.

"If I see Sir Philip only as your friend, my lord, I ask his pardon."

"Of that hereafter, Miss Campinet; good manners from my daughter is due to every guest."

"As guest, my lord; if I had not suspected Sir Philip in a very different character, I should not have presumed —"

"I think, Miss Campinet," said his lordship, with an awful solemnity, "I think you know, from my own communication, that this gentleman comes in no character unapproved by me."

"I am sorry for it, my lord."

There was a something in his daughter this morning, which Lord Grondale had not before observed; a something which militated against one of his most firm opinions, that unconditional submission was the duty of a child, and especially of a daughter. He felt in his bosom the swell of parental, or more perhaps of lordly dignity; but

but a few moments consideration shewed him it would be better to stifle it for the present, and learn from Miss Fluart what he had to expect, both from his daughter and herself.

He then said, "As it is possible, Miss Fluart, that Sir Philip may have something particular to say to Miss Campinet, I shall be happy if you will have the goodness to favour me half an hour in the library."

"I attend your lordship," answered Miss Fluart, rising; "learn of me, Caroline, to be gracious."

C H A P. XVIII.

LORD GRONDALE began the conversation, by expressing the degree of happiness he felt from Miss Fluart's condescension, in returning to Grondale; and hoped it was the prelude to more favourable intentions. At the same time, he must own himself alarmed at what he heard from Sir Philip Chestum.

"Why, yes, my lord, if Sir Philip has any talent, it is that of being alarmed, and communicating his alarms to his friends.

Don't

Don't you find him intolerable, my lord? How many times a day does he tell your lordship of his horrors? I fear he may have infected your lordship with hypochondriacism."

"Perhaps so; for he has told *me*, that Herm sprong has constantly attended my daughter, ever since she has been at Falmouth."

"Yes, I dare say; that is perfectly in Sir Philip's stile of information. When does he go? I knew your lordship would never be able to endure him."

"You evade my question, Miss Fluart. Has Herm sprong ever attended Miss Cam-pinet at Falmouth?"

"Oh, yes! he has been in her company several times. There was no avoiding it, if one was ever so desirous; for my guardian is his banker; but I believe there was no desire to avoid him."

"You, Miss Fluart, knew he was my aversion."

"Yes, my lord; but I did not perceive that he inspired any one else with aversion. He is pretty generally liked. My guardian says he is the most manly character he ever knew. Quite a Phenix?"

"A Phenix?"

"Yes, such an one as one sees but once in a century."

"Miss

"Miss Campinet too! I suppose she thinks him a Phenix?"

"I suppose so, my lord; but she is prudent of speech; she seldom says above half what she thinks."

"And what does she say?"

"Only that he is a young gentleman of extraordinary merit."

"And that is half what she thinks?"

"Somewhere thereabout; one cannot be very exact."

"Miss Fluart, may I depend upon you for candour and ingenuousness?"

"They are scarce things, my lord; but all I have are at your lordship's service."

"Are you most my daughter's friend, or mine?"

"Your daughter's assuredly. Your lordship asked me for love, not friendship."

"Surely they are inseparable."

"I cannot judge of that for want of experience."

"Is it, Miss Fluart, is it your intention, or is it not, to honour me with your hand?"

"Your lordship has so many inexplicable questions."

"Inexplicable! Miss Fluart."

"Yes, my lord. A woman's mind is not so easy to be known. Besides, your lordship ought to remember, that this affair depends upon a certain contingency."

"What contingency?"

"Upon

"Upon my acquiring a proper affection for your lordship; and you know, my lord, love, like death, will come when it will come."

"It is possible, Miss Fluart, you mean to trifle with me."

"Not quite impossible, my lord. To this little inconvenience men generally subject themselves when they become lovers."

"I was in hopes, my fortune, rank, and title, might have claimed an exemption."

"Could not your lordship have established a better claim upon age and wisdom?"

"Philosophic ladies, like Miss Fluart, know how to appreciate and despise the foolish things of this world, such as rank, fortune, and title."

"Oh no—they are vastly alluring; I dote upon them. When did a woman despise brilliant trifles?"

"They, possibly, would be Miss Fluart's principal objects in an union with Lord Grondale?"

"To be sure,—one never hears of young women marrying for the venerable qualities of their lovers."

"The declaration is a little alarming. Since the lady knows so well why she marries, it would not be amiss, perhaps, if the gentleman should endeavour to develop his motives."

"Yes, but don't tell the lady."

"My

"My dear Miss Fluart, you are at present too much en badinage. I will postpone my suit to a more serious hour. Only have the goodness to give me some further information respecting Hermsprong and his designs."

"Why, he designs to have Miss Campinet."

"Indeed! this is clear and explicit. And she him?"

"No—she don't know her own mind. There is a little war, I believe, betwixt inclination and duty."

"Are you of opinion, Miss Fluart, that such a match would do honour to the house of Grondale?"

"It might bring a little happiness into it, my lord."

"Happiness! Miss Fluart."

"Yes,—to Miss Campinet, at least."

"And is it possible you can approve of her seeking her happiness by an alliance with an unknown person, a vagabond, for ought she can tell, and who she knows is my aversion?"

"But she does not know why he is your aversion, my lord; or why you call him names; and young women like to have their fathers reasonable sometimes."

"Is it of any consequence to Miss Campinet to know, that if she marries Hermsprong, she loses all my fortune?"

"That

"That will be vastly kind, my lord; and who must she marry to secure it?"

"Sir Philip Chestrum."

"Now, dear, my lord, do chuse a man a little lame or blind, or humpbacked, or bending under the weight of time or pleasure; let him be any thing but—Sir Philip."

"Is it that you believe Sir Philip an idiot?"

"Not quite. He can take care of his money and himself; and does not walk into a well with his eyes open. But you know he is silly, my lord; and that weakness of understanding is peculiarly disagreeable to Caroline."

"Miss Fluart," said his lordship, increasing the solemnity of his tone, "I fear Miss Campinet has not had in you so prudent a friend and monitor, as I had hoped."

"If, as I suppose, by prudence, your lordship means money, you are probably right; for as I have always thought it the greatest prudence in the world to make oneself happy, my advice has been mostly directed to that object; and certainly it has been honest advice, at least, for it has been to do what I would myself have done in the same case."

"To marry Hermsprong?"

"The question has never come fairly under discussion, my lord. When it does, I shall

shall assuredly decide in the affirmative, if the alternative be Sir Philip Chestrum."

"All that I can gather from this conversation, is, that I have nothing to hope from you, Miss Fluart, for myself, and every thing to fear for my daughter."

"As to hope, but that your lordship seems to have no great opinion of my talents for giving counsel, or I would advise you to give it up; for it depends, you know, upon your becoming amiable, and this does not seem your lordship's forte. For your fears—there may be some foundation, if you fear your daughter's happiness."

"Grant me patience! is there no happiness for her but with Hermsprong?"

"It is a conclusion to which she may soon arrive, if your lordship continues your very politic tyranny in favour of Sir Philip Chestrum."

"Politic tyranny! you are a lady, Miss Fluart. One scarce knows how to apprise a lady, when she takes liberties."

"Oh dear! these are nothing to what I should have taken, had I the honour to be Lady Grondale. I should have been always blurting out some impertinent truth or other. Thank God, my lord, for your providential escape."

"Miss Fluart, you have disordered me; perhaps broken my heart. I am no longer able to support this cruel conversation."

"Then

“Then good morning, my lord; when you chuse to hear me my catechism over again, I am at your lordship’s service.”

C H A P. XIX.

LORD GRONDALE remained in his study, not broken hearted quite, but rather in a pitiable situation. It was difficult not to conclude that Miss Fluart and Miss Campinet were in concert; and if so, the consequence was obvious. Miss Fluart would prove a jilt, and Miss Campinet a rebel to paternal authority. Whilst his lordship was tormenting himself, Sir Philip Chestrum entered, half angry, half blubbering, to complain to Lord Grondale of the fresh cruelty of his daughter.

“She says she never will have me. I told her I had set my heart upon it, and it would kill me to be disappointed, she said it would kill her to do it, and if one must die, she had rather it was me than herself. How cruel this was, my lord. I told her that your lordship had promised. She said your lordship’s promise was not binding upon her. I said every thing in the world

to move her, nay I went down upon my knees to beg her mercy ; and just then Miss Fluart comes running in, laughing as if she would split her sides. And she said, she believed your lordship wanted me in the library ; and advised me to come to you, and comfort you, for she believed you was dying as well as me ; for you had told her that your heart was broke.”

“ And shall I bear this ? Shall I submit to this ? ” said his lordship, rising in anger. “ A man of my rank, my dignity, my consequence, to be treated thus, by a giggling girl, a chit ? No,—Miss Fluart shall feel I am not to be thus insulted with impunity ; and as for Miss Campinet,—she shall know what it is to have an angry father. It shall be better for her, never to have been born, than thus to have excited my indignation.”

His lordship indulged himself in threats against his daughter, to the joy and comfort of Sir Philip, till he began to feel himself faint ; and fearing he might suffer by the indulgence, he endeavoured to mitigate his own rage ; and having concluded by affirming upon his honour, as a lord ought to do, that Sir Philip should have her ; dead or alive should have her ; he dismissed the baronet, and sat down to repose himself.

The demons of hatred and vengeance were however too busy in his right honourable bosom, to suffer his return to much
compo-

composure; and under the influence of these delectable guests, he rang his bell, and sent an order to Miss Campinet to attend him.

She entered trembling. The furies which raged in his heart, his lordship endeavoured to conceal by a solemnity of deportment.

"Your name, I think," said he, "is Caroline Campinet?"

This question, so awfully put, did not tend to strengthen the young lady's nerves. She answered by a courtsey.

"You will have the goodness, Miss Campinet," said his lordship, "to endeavour to answer by words rather than signs."

"You terrify me, Sir," said the lady.

"You have courage enough to disobey and insult me by your actions, madam; it is pity you cannot, like your friend, support your amiable propensities by words. I wish to know, Miss Campinet, whether you suppose yourself my daughter?"

"Certainly, my lord."

"Have you ever heard of any obligation, any duty attached to this relation?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"But this duty does not reach so high as obedience?"

"Pardon me, Sir, I think obedience its first duty."

"Under certain limits."

"I believe, Sir, all the virtues have their limits."

“And to be set by daughters.”

“No,—Sir. By reason alone.”

“The reason of daughters.”

“My lord, I am unequal to this. To a father, I cannot answer what my simple judgment would suggest.”

“I am very sorry, Miss Campinet; I have infinite loss in the disability. It would have edified me much to have heard the rights of daughters, and the duties of fathers, descanted upon by so fine an understanding.”

“My lord, permit me to retire.”

“Not yet, Miss Campinet; will you first have the goodness to inform me, if a marriage with Sir Philip Chestum be highly disagreeable to you?”

“Yes, my lord, highly.”

“Are your objections to the man, or to its being what I wish?”

“Certainly, Sir,—not the latter.”

“Let us hear them; silly ones I know they must be; but let us hear.”

“My first objection, Sir, is to his weakness.”

“Oh,—not so strong as Hermsprong.”

“My lord,—I beg permission to withdraw.”

“You have most apprehensive ears, Miss Campinet; I suppose you wish to persuade me that you want a wife, a learned husband.”

“My

"My lord, I do *not* want a husband. If I were desirous to marry, I own I should wish to be united to a man of sense."

"And you think Sir Philip Chestrum not a man of sense?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Comparing him, no doubt, with that miracle of understanding, and every human excellence, Mr. Hermisprong."

"My lord!"

"What pretty astonishment! as if you did not know that I knew this odious,—I beg pardon, Miss Campinet,—this paragon I mean, has been your constant attendant on Falmouth."

"Constant, Sir! I have seen him occasionally, I own. I know not how I could have avoided it with good manners. Mr. Sumelin is his most intimate acquaintance."

"Another most opportune incident; accident I believe you call it. You are excessively fortunate, Miss Campinet. And to be able to join good manners to all these accidents. Good manners will now assist you in rising above the pitiful obligations of life. Good manners and filial duty will be found incompatible qualities. Although you Miss Campinet, well know the just reasons I have for abhorrence of this fellow, good manners has obliged you to throw yourself in his way, to make him of all your parties; and good manners will teach

you how little respect ought to be paid to the commands of a father, when they oppose your inclinations."

"I should have no support, Sir, under the burden of this severity, if I were not conscious I did not deserve it."

"Very well,—let us examine what a young lady means when she talks about her consciousness. I command you to marry Sir Philip Chestum. You refuse to obey. Why? Your inclinations are otherwise disposed. Is it not so? Is not my statement perfectly accurate?"

"Is it not right, my lord, that I, whom marriage is to make happy or miserable, should be allowed a judgment and a will?"

"Undoubtedly, madam, you are persuaded that your judgment is as mature and ripe for this purpose, as your person?"

"My lord, I am your daughter, and must submit to whatever treatment you please."

"You *are* my daughter—prove it by your obedience."

"In every other case, my lord. I can honour Sir Philip Chestum with no sentiment but of contempt."

"I have condescended, Miss Campinet, in this argument rather too much. Let us now come to a decision. Obey me, you have a father. If otherwise, I have not a daughter."

"My

"My lord, I humbly conceive I know my duty, and am disposed to fulfil it; but I hope it is no part of my duty to make myself miserable for life."

"You reason, Miss Campinet; I also reason. It is my duty to give you sustenance because I have the honour to be your father; but I know of no law which binds me to bestow immense fortune upon a daughter, as a reward for disobedience."

"It is Sir, and it ought to be your pleasure, which determines as to fortune, whether I shall have little or much. To your pleasure, in that respect, I cheerfully submit; and humbly request you will permit me the choice of that condition which is for ever to constitute my happiness or misery."

"From what pretty playbook have you learned these fine words? From all for love, or the world well lost? And you really, Miss Campinet, prefer poverty and Hermsprong, to affluence and Sir Philip Chestrum?"

"I speak not of Mr. Hermsprong, my lord; but I prefer any condition to that of being Sir Philip Chestrum's wife."

"That being the case, Miss Campinet, and since it has cost you no more trouble to decide, I suppose all connexion between you and me is at an end. No tragedy, Miss Campinet. You will, no doubt, consider

yourself in future as a free independant person, mistress of the superb fortune left you by your foolish aunt. It will procure you food and raiment; and so philosophical a lady, and so much in love, what else can she want? Tears! Pray, Miss Campinet, are they shed for your errors or mine? But you will weep better in your own apartment, where I request the favour of you to remain a few days, till the departure of my guests, whose visit I do not chuse to make uncomfortable by your tragic airs. You will also please to observe, that whilst you chuse to reside in my house, I expect you not to deny Sir Philip Chestrum access to you, should he, after what has past, condescend to desire it, at all proper hours. So, Miss Campinet, wishing you all possible felicity, I remain, as in duty bound, your most obedient father."

Miss Campinet, pierced with grief, but grief mixed with resentment, made a silent courtesy, and withdrew.

C H A P. XX.

ALTHOUGH Lord Grondale had succeeded so well, in mortifying his daughter, his brilliant malignity had failed in giving
full

full satisfaction to himself. In this instance he found the indulgence of malevolence, not the certain road to tranquillity. But sensible of the utility of a mind disengaged, in the business he was going to enter into with his guests, he strove for composure; and the more certainly to obtain it, had recourse to a practice he had often tried with success on fretful occasions, the calculation of the interest due for his money on bonds and in the funds; and this pleasing operation would have restored him to tolerable sanity of mind, but for a note from Miss Fluart, requesting the favour of a few minutes audience. His lordship's feelings became again tumultuous. Towards Miss Fluart his sensations were rapidly passing into dislike; if we may use so gentle a term; and in his present temper he would most willingly have declined the conference; for it may have been observed by my readers, that though his vanity as well as spleen, was gratified by the success of this triumphant satire, when his gentle daughter was the subject; over Miss Fluart he could boast no such gratification; but often smarted under the playful lash of this laughing, good-humoured, unmalignant girl.

But second thoughts are best, say the people of grey hairs; and something suggested to Lord Grondale, that Miss Fluart

might be a messenger of unconditional submission from his daughter; might even be her own embassadress, and bring at once the olive branch and myrtle. Besides, politeness would be hurt by a refusal to see the lady, so he graciously replied, that he was much at her service.

Miss Fluart entered the room, not as usual, with a hop, step, and jump, but slow and solemn, and saluted his lordship with a low, silent, and most respectful courtesy.

Lord Grondale thought well of this. It denoted penitence, at least humility; so he rose with dignity, handed the lady to a chair, and then inquired the nature of her commands.

"My lord," said Miss Fluart, "it is to entreat, not to command, that I once more presume to come into your lordship's presence."

Here is a great alteration in language and in tone, thought Lord Grondale; and much for the better; I must be courteous, and smooth the road to penitence. His lordship therefore answered in his gentlest manner, "Miss Fluart could not yesterday have asked of Lord Grondale, what it would not have been an honour and a pleasure to grant."

"I think, my lord," the young lady answered, with inflexible gravity, "it was
Friar

Friar Bacon's head that said so wisely, Time was, and time is past; and what sage Greek was it, who left upon record, that youth has admirable talents for laying up regrets for age."

"It is true, Miss Fluart; all people advanced in years, offer lessons of experience to youth, and wise are the young persons who profit by them."

"My lord, there is no making young persons wise. Don't think of it. I feel it is quite impossible. For myself now,—my time for wisdom is not come; my time for prudence is past."

"Is the latter irretrievable? Have you any particular instance?"

"Yes, my lord; I might have had the honour to be Lady Grondale you know."

"And may, most lovely of your charming sex," said his lordship, half in rapture, and seizing her lily hand, "say so—"

"No, my lord, I cannot say—though it be very prudent, and so, yet even prudence may have drawbacks upon its enjoyments. Wives may die of husbands' cruelties, as well as daughters of fathers."

The lily hand of Miss Fluart slipped out of Lord Grondale's; a faint glow embrowned his fallow cheek. He repeated, "Cruelties! well, madam, without canvassing at present the propriety of the term as it respects

pects Miss Campinet, cruelty to Miss Fluart would have been impossibility."

"The impossibility, my lord, never presented itself to me. Perhaps, indeed, you would not have ordered me to marry a being whose personal consequence would not raise him to the dignity of a church-warden; but your lordship might have had propensities of some other sort, which might not have coincided with mine; and then, my lord, if one may judge by the fate of those independant beings who have the misfortune to differ from your lordship in opinion or practice, my comforts would not have been too great, or extremely durable."

"Your friendship for Miss Campinet imposes upon your understanding, Miss Fluart; I am one of those unhappy fathers necessitated to force a daughter to prudence; and you call it cruelty."

"And your lordship's paternal affection. An odd sort of affection too, to throw a child upon certain misery, to avoid a possibility of it."

"Miss Fluart, to hear of my daughter's marrying that Hermsprong, deprives me of patience. I would sooner follow her to the grave."

"No doubt, my lord."

"I would, by heaven."

"You need not swear it."

"And

"And to hear you an advocate for it, galls me to the quick."

"Nay, my lord, prudence, if I had it, or self, or something I don't know what, whispers me I should be quite in the wrong to be its advocate. For Mr. Hermsprong says he loves me second best; and I verily believe I should stand first if Miss Cam-pinet was not my rival."

"And is the gentleman then of such infinite value as to have rival queens contend for him?"

"He is a most charming man, to be sure."

"This to me! Miss Fluart."

"Oh dear! why, would your lordship lay an embargo upon truth?"

"The more I talk with Miss Fluart, the more I find her an enigma."

"And you don't love riddles, my lord?"

"No,—they are troublesome till found out; and when found out, nothing."

"That is really the best thing I ever heard your lordship say, and so applicable, that I will not presume longer to intrude nothing upon your Lordship."

"One moment more, Miss Fluart. You have played with me too long. I suspect you never meant me for any thing more than a dupe. I therefore call upon you in
the

the most serious and solemn manner to say, is your mind irrevocably made up, never to be Lady Grondale?"

"Oh dear,—yes, my lord; I'll swear it upon the bible, if you please."

"I flatter myself, this determination has been lately made. Will you have the goodness to tell me what has produced it."

"Observation, my lord. It has appeared to me, that you have no talents for making women happy. Your forte seems to lie the other way; and one naturally loves ones self so well, that one can hardly bring ones self to encounter assured misery,—even for a friend."

Assured misery! Miss Fluart—"

His lordship stopped, finding himself rather too angry, and fearing for his politeness. After a minute's pause, "Whilst such are your notions, madam, I believe it may be better to postpone, at present at least, any farther conversation on this head."

"I have the honour to be of the same opinion, my lord."

"Pray, Miss Fluart, what was your intention in seeking me here?"

"Simply to entreat the loan of your lordship's chaise one stage towards Falmouth, for Miss Campinet and myself."

"Miss

"Miss Campinet must have the goodness, a little longer to wait my pleasure where she is."

"Have you not disclaimed her, my lord? Ordered her to consider herself no longer as your daughter? She has just told me so, in agony."

"It is no uncommon thing for fathers to forgive."

"Did Lord Grondale ever forgive?"

"Miss Fluart, I am not at leisure any longer to sport with repartee; you have given me some subjects of consideration, Miss Campinet others. I cannot, as I ought, attend to these, whilst my guests stay. This will be a few days only; and this time it will be proper for my daughter to remain in her apartment. Over Miss Fluart, I have no right. To remain or depart will be at her own option."

"As I have partaken of Caroline's guilt, I ought to share her punishment; and under so illustrious a jailor——You do not mean to reduce us to bread and straw,—and so, my lord, adieu till better times."

C H A P.

C H A P. XXI.

THREE happy and quiet days succeeded these tumultuous scenes, in which Miss Fluart almost persuaded Miss Campinet, that fathers may be wrong. On the fourth, a note was received from Lord Grondale, sharply reproving his daughter for ill manners to Sir Philip Chestrum, and contumacy to himself. Indeed, Miss Campinet, unable to conquer her disgust to Sir Philip, had replied to his messages of permission to wait upon her, that she was engaged. Along with this note of his lordship's came one from Sir Philip to his mistress, that he would wait upon her at twelve; and another to both the ladies from Sir John Wing, to say, that unless forbid, he would take the opportunity of Sir Philip's visit, to pay his respects.

Of Sir John Wing I have spoken in a former chapter. He was now become the intimate and well deserving friend of Sir Philip Chestrum, who, since his residence at Grondale-Place, had borrowed between two and three thousand pounds of him, simply to avoid telling his mamma, that he had entered with spirit into the science of whist; had made great improvements;

ments; and for which he had paid, as other young men pay; learning being never so valuable as when dearly purchased.

Sir John Wing then became the confidant of Sir Philip's blubbering affection; and having wondered at the caprice which led his lordship to exclude his daughter and her fair friend from the society of his guests, and resolved it into jealousy; for his lordship's future marriage with Miss Fluart had been whispered amongst them; he took it into his head that this jealousy had himself for the principal object; and was quite willing on his part to give it a real foundation.

The young ladies, one from obedience, the other from curiosity, having granted the requested permission, the pair of baronets presented themselves, and the first compliments being over, sat down with the usual embarrassment of those who find themselves under the necessity to talk when they have nothing to say.

It was Sir John Wing who first observed that the wind was easterly to-day; on which Sir Philip remarked, that was the reason then why he found himself he did not know how-ish. Sir John said it was a damn'd bad thing to have a constitution subject to squalls of weather. I myself, he continued, have one of the first racers in the kingdom; he will beat half Newmarket

ket when the wind is down, and north westerly; and Lord Titchfield's Quetlovaca beat him at Epsom, only because there was a squall at South East.

"A horse of great sensibility, Sir," said Miss Fluart.

"Yes, madam, I'll be bold to say, that I have as sensible horses as any in the kingdom; and know as well what they are about; they never run on the wrong side of the post."

"As men do," said Miss Fluart.

"That is a joke, a very good joke, madam. Yes, they do get wrong side sometimes. You did, Sir Philip, last night."

"One always loses," said Sir Philip, "with that Mr. Lowram, and that squinting gentleman that never seems to look at his cards. I had rather play cards with these ladies, if they would let us."

"So had I, I swear," said Sir John.

"On our next open card playing day, gentlemen," said Miss Fluart, "we will entreat the honor of your company."

"What is the reason, ladies, we have not the pleasure of your society below?"

Miss Fluart. "Enquire of Lord Grondale, Sir; he does us the honor of protecting us. Our obligations to men are infinite. Under the name of father, or brother, or guardian, or husband, they are always protecting us from liberty."

Sir

Sir Philip. "Did not I tell you, Sir John, that Miss Fluart talked one thing always, and meant another. I bet seven to five she don't think women have any obligations to men at all."

Miss Fluart. "How do you think, Sir Philip, I could possibly fall into such an error. Are not you always taking care of us? Don't you want to take care of Miss Campinet?"

Sir Philip. Yes,—that I do."

Miss Fluart. "And to keep her from harm, shut her up in a cage, as Lord Grondale does now."

Sir Philip. "I'd keep her a coach, and she should go out when ever she pleased."

Miss Fluart. "Indeed! that would be a large allowance of liberty. How can she resist?"

Sir John. "Would a coach tempt you, Miss Fluart. If it will, you shall have two, and go out twice as often as you please."

Miss Fluart. "And shall I have the accomplished Sir John Wing into the bargain?"

Sir John. "Yes, madam; and damme if I think there are three women in the kingdom I would make the offer to."

Miss Fluart. "But they say you are married already, Sir John."

Sir John. "The devil they do. To who, pray?"

Miss

Miss Fluart. "To Miss Chance."

Sir John. "Curse me if I ever heard her name. Was it in the papers?"

Miss Fluart. "Yes, in the Morning Herald. On Wednesday night a young baronet, not a hundred miles from Bloomsbury, lost twenty rouleaus of guineas, at Brookes's, and took his revenge upon Champagne. Now, a man that is married to two such dearly beloved wives as the bottle and the dice, can never desire another."

Sir John. "Damme, madam, but you have given me a set down."

And indeed Sir John seemed to feel it, if one might judge by his consequent silence.

"And you, Sir Philip, they say," resumed Miss Fluart, "are beginning to love a-la-mode Sir John Wing."

"Miss Fluart," said Sir Philip, "you never talk to be understood. I don't love nothing in the world so well as Miss Campinet."

"Oh but you will, and better, if you indulge in the agreeable society of Lord Grondale's present guests."

"But I never shall, and it is very unjust for you to say so. But you was always setting Miss Campinet against me."

"Was I? then, to be sure, it must be because

cause I wanted to have you myself. Did not you think so?"

"If I did, I did not think we could set our horses together."

"Then we might have two stables, you know."

"But that would not do. If we did not marry, to live lovingly together, we might as well not marry at all."

"What should hinder us from living lovingly together?"

"One cannot always like where one would."

"Why?"

"Fancies won't always hit."

"And when fancies don't hit, you think it better not to marry?"

"Yes,—every body thinks so."

"Does Miss Campinet's fancy and your's hit?"

"I can fancy she, if she can fancy me."

"Well, I have told you that I could fancy you, if you could fancy me. But you can't, you know,; and you say that's a good reason for not having me. Now what's a good reason for you, may be a good reason for Miss Campinet."

This, as Sir John phrased it, was a sort of set down for Sir Philip; but he recovered, by saying, that he never broke his word in his life; and he had given his word to Lord Grondale.

"Then

"Then I'll go," said Miss Fluart, "and lay my unhappy case before Lady Chestrum; and I'll give her my word that I will have you; and then you must, I suppose."

"What, whether I will or no?"

"Miss Campinet is to have you whether she will or no, because you have given your word to Lord Grondale, is she not?"

"I won't talk to you no longer, Miss Fluart, you turn and twine one so; and it all signifies nothing; for Lord Grondale says she shall have me; and I can't sleep o'nights for thinking of her."

"Oh then you want her for an opiate."

"I wonder why people can't mind their own business. They say you be going to marry Lord Grondale."

"I never will though, unless Miss Campinet will have you. I should like you every bit as well for a son-in-law as a husband. Miss Campinet, will you take Sir Philip Chestrum for better or worse? This is, I believe, the first time of asking."

"No," replied Miss Campinet.

"And why?" Miss Fluart asked.

"I cannot fancy him," gravely replied Miss Campinet.

"Nor he me," said Miss Fluart; "how sadly we three poor creatures be cross in love. What is to be done, Sir Philip, with this perverse girl?"

"Its

"Its all along of you, Miss Fluart, and that there Hermsprong," said Sir Philip.

"Hush, Sir Philip," said this lively lady, "walls have ears; don't talk of that there Hermsprong, he's such a boisterous wretch you know."

"Yes,—there's a rod in pickle for him though, I can tell you that; he'll be glad to get off where he came from, I believe; and then I hope, Miss Campinet, you won't be so cruel shy."

"Sir Philip," said Miss Campinet, "I cannot trifle upon a serious subject. I owe you civility as the guest of my father, but I will never be your wife."

"Never, Miss Campinet."

"Never."

"What not for all Lord Grondale? May be you may change your mind, when you know how bad he has behaved to my lord; and what a rogue and rascal he is; and a French spy; and come to inveigle people to America."

"Whatsoever he may be," Miss Campinet answered, "it will not lessen the distance between you and me. On no consideration will I ever be your wife."

"Oh dear!" said Sir Philip, half sobbing, "what have I done? You have never given me no reason."

"I will give you reasons now," Miss Campinet replied; "your understanding is weak;

weak; your spirit mean; and your mind malignant."

"I'm sure," said Sir Philip, rising in a passion,—“I'm sure you use me worse than any dog.”

“So she does,” said Miss Fluart; “I am quite ashamed of her; go, and tell her daddy.”

So ended this love scene.

C H A P. XXII.

SIR PHILIP CHESTRUM, disconsolate, followed the hasty steps of Sir John to the stable, rather mortified at such cavalier treatment of a man of his consequence.

“I am for a ride this morning, Sir Philip,” said the latter gentleman, “shall I have your company?”

Sir Philip assenting, they mounted, and rode a mile in deep meditation, one upon the cruelty of Miss Campinet, the other on the impertinence of Miss Fluart. At length Sir John broke the long silence by saying, “Damme if I understand these Cornish diamonds, as they are called. This lady of yours took the liberty of saying very shocking
ing

ing things to you, Sir Philip; and that Miss Fluart too,—faith she has a tongue."

"Don't you think Miss Campinet quite pretty?" Sir Philip asked.

"Yes, they are both pretty,——but so damn'd proud."

"Miss Campinet is reckoned quite contrary," said Sir Philip, half crying, "what in the world shall I do?"

"Why, do as I intend to do," Sir John replied. "Keep out of the way of these high flown beauties. Give me a girl of easy virtue, to visit when I like, and leave when I like; not a proud high-born thing, who because I have been foolish enough to marry her, thinks it her prerogative to black ball me whenever I do a naughty thing."

"But I do love her so," said Sir Philip.

"What breed of spaniels art thou of, baronet? Thou lovest the more, the more thou art beat. Now, damme, I make it a rule never to love any thing that does not love me."

"If I had ever such a mind to be off, I could not for Lord Grondale; for my mother and he have quite agreed about every thing."

"Your mother and he! Pray, baronet, how old are you?"

"I am turned six and twenty."

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"And

"And in leading strings. And so thou wantest a wife to lead thee, instead of a mother. For shame, be a man."

"You don't know my mother; else you would not think it so easy to get out of her claws."

"As if the world was not wide enough. Take my advice now. In four days I'm off for Newmarket. Then we have made a party to shoot grouse. Then for London, my buck. That's the place to cure thee of thy milkiness. Keep me company next winter, and if I do not bring thee into Cornwall next summer, cured both of thy love and obedience, tell me I know nothing. I'll shew thee girls as handsome as Venus, and as kind as handsome. I'll introduce thee to Earls and Dukes. Break thy chains, and be a man of fashion."

"But you know," said Sir Philip, "I am not so tall, and slightly, and well shaped as most gentlemen are."

"Baronet, I'll shew thee amongst the lords the ugliest fellows in the kingdom. What's personal beauty in a man? no body thinks about it."

"But I shall never get Miss Campinet out of my head."

"There's nothing like one girl to drive out another. Love the whole sex, my buck; that's the way. Apropos, what dost think I chose this rough stony road for?"

"Be-

"Because you did not know it, I suppose."

"Wrong, baronet; it was because I did. Do you see that pretty little snug red house in the valley? It contains two sweet girls. A little skittish though. A week since, in one of my rides, I saw them clambering up that hill. Egad, I gave my horse to my servant, and began to clamber after them. Off they sprung another way, and in ten minutes were got, like rabbits, safe in their burrow."

"What then? You did not take them for loose women, did you?"

"No—damn'd virtuous; but women sometimes change their natures. Now I heard a sort of whisper at Grondale Hall,—by the bye, that father-in-law of yours, Chestrum, has some damn'd bad points about him. I heard I say that Lord Grondale threatened their father with a jail, for an old debt they say, and none of the most honourable; but that is nothing to us, my boy; it will make the girls the more come-at-able."

"But what excuse can you find for going in?" Sir Philip asked.

"To inquire the road," Sir John answered; "one easily loses one's road in this cursed country. And then for the chapter of accidents."

Sir John alighted as he said this, and hung his horse to a gate; Sir Philip followed his example, it must be owned not with much alacrity; and they proceeded towards the house. But the chapter of accidents had prepared a scene unfriendly to that sort of love which had crept into Sir John's bosom, at least. The doors of the house were open; no servants seen; nothing heard except a shriek from a distant room. Fear of seeing disagreeable things, or being involved in disagreeable consequences, prompted Sir John to retire; and his still more timid friend declared his resolution to go back. In passing out, they were met by Mr. Hermsprong, accompanied by the man servant of the family, a man of a respectable appearance, who, on seeing the arrest of his master, had ran of his own accord to a neighbouring village, to advertise a friend of Mr. Wigley's of this unhappy business. This friend was not at home; and the man, on his return, had met Mr. Hermsprong, whom he knew, and who, having observed his distraction, stopped him to enquire into the cause. He told all he knew; and all he knew was, that his master had been arrested at the suit of Lord Grondale. He described this master as one of the best and most inoffensive of men; he had lived with him almost twenty years; and in all that time his master had had no connexion

connexion whatsoever with Lord Grondale. His mistress too was an excellent mistress, and her two daughters charming young ladies; and they loved one another so, he was sure it would break his mistress's heart.

The story was more pathetic than was necessary to induce Mr. Hermsprong to fly to the relief of this afflicted family; and the more, as he suspected from the name of Lord Grondale, whom love, omnipotent as he is, could not make him think on without scorn and dislike, that it was most probably some act of tyranny or mean revenge.

On meeting the two baronets, Hermsprong touched his hat and complaisantly said, "I am sure I see Sir Philp Chestum here from a motive of benevolence; I presume the same of you, Sir, whom I have not the honour to know."

Sir Philip looked sullen, Sir John rather confused. Neither answered.

"Have you seen the unfortunate Mr. Wigley?" Hermsprong asked.

"I don't know Mr. Wigley," said Sir John.

"Nor I," said Sir Philip.

"The ladies, perhaps," said Hermsprong.

"I don't understand by what authority you question us." Sir John Wing replied.

"I wonder what obligation I have to you, that I should give you an account," said Sir Philip.

"You are right, gentlemen; I perceive I was wholly mistaken," Mr. Hermsprong answered, and passed on.

"Who is the fellow?" Sir John asked.

"What, don't you know him?" Sir Philip answered; "its that Hermsprong, that Lord Grondale hates so."

"And whom his daughter loves."

"I wonder what she can love him for?"

"Perhaps for throwing you over the rails."

"You need not fling that in my dish. He took me unawares."

"You were even with him. That swearing the peace against him was a damn'd spirited thing; and wise as spirited; for the fellow is cursedly muscular. So let us get out of his way."

Sir John spoke as he thought; but in a tone and manner as if he did not intend Sir Philip should believe he thought so. It brought upon the latter, however, one of his long sulky fits; so that in their ride back to Grondale, Sir John could not draw from him more than a monosyllable.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIII.

CONFUSED and indistinct sounds directed Mr. Hermsprong to the usual sitting room of the family. The most conspicuous object was Mrs. Wigley sitting. She certainly was not dead, yet she scarce seemed to live; nor had she fallen into a swoon, for her eyes were open, and she appeared to see, though not to observe. Her face once so pretty, had lost its colour; her arms hung languidly down; and in a coffin, she would have been taken for a beautiful corpse. Her eldest daughter was on her knees; her head supported by her mother's lap; but her arms thrown round her mother's waist; whilst from her bosom came the bursting sigh, frequent and deep. Not far thence was the younger daughter in hysterics, held by two maid servants of the family, profuse in tears and loud in lamentation. A little dog, the favourite of this young lady, was at her feet. And now he stood up, looked moaningly at her; turned three or four times, and lay down; then rose again; gave a mournful whine; turned round as before, and again lay down.

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down. This circle of movements the poor animal continually repeated. The last of the distressed group was Mr. Wigley himself, leaning against the wall of the apartment; and surveying the scene around him with an aspect half expressing grief; and half astonishment bordering on stupidity. Near the door were a bailiff and his attendant, with faces rather of sorrow for their success, than of exultation.

The first reflection which occurred to Hermsprong, you might almost call it an exclamation, was, "What a total imbecility is here!" Yet, all weakness as he thought it, compassion sprung into his eye. He went up to Mr. Wigley, and in the kindest tone, said, "You will pardon a stranger for his intrusion, Sir, when you know my motive is to serve you."

"It was evident Mr. Wigley did not understand, for he did not answer, and his eye had only the vacant stare. He addressed himself to Mrs. Wigley, who continued unmoved; but her eldest daughter raised her eyes, and met his beaming with benignity.

"Resume your tranquillity, Miss Wigley." So he addressed her. "Assure your mother this affair will be without consequence."

"Must not my father go to prison, Sir?" said the pretty apprehensive sufferer.

"Most

"Most certainly not," Mr. Hermsprong answered; "if, as I learn from your servant, the affair is simply debt."

"Oh! but I fear it is large," said the young lady.

"Think not of it, Miss Wigley; endeavour to comfort your mother."

"Who, Sir, shall I say,——"

"My name is Hermsprong, madam; I fear a stranger——"

"Hermsprong!" replied Miss Wigley.

"Hermsprong!" repeated the bailiffs.

The female servants reiterated the word. Mr. Hermsprong himself was astonished. It was new to him that his was become a name which humane people had learned to pronounce with transport. It even roused Mr. Wigley from his seeming stupefaction.

"Are you indeed Mr. Hermsprong?" he asked.

"Such is my name, Mr. Wigley; and my desire is to serve you. Put me to the proof. All will be well. Assure Mrs. Wigley so."

Then going to the bailiff, he said, "I am afraid, Sir, I have not credit with you sufficient to induce you to permit your prisoner and myself a conversation of half an hour in a private room?"

"Sir," answered the bailiff, "the sheriff must pay the debt if he now escapes,

and I and my sureties must pay the sheriff. Yet if you will give me your word—you know what I mean, Sir—”

“I do know what you mean; and give you my word, no injury shall accrue to you from the permission. I beg your acceptance too.”

The bailiff declined his offering hand.

“My friend,” said Hermsprong, “it is an acknowledgment of your humanity, not a bribe to neglect your duty. Your heart is too gentle for your office.”

The bailiff took his present with a bow, and sighed as he received it. Mrs. Wigley was now fast recovering; she was made to understand Mr. Wigley was not to go to prison; and at present this was full consolation.

Mr. Wigley's tale was a plain one, and had all the marks of truth; for nothing was glossed over, nothing palliated; he confessed his youthful errors, and lamented them. His patrimonial estate was about 700*l.* a year, and he came to it at the age of twenty-one. Mr. Henry Campinet (now Lord Grondale) was nearly of the same age, both lovers of field sports, and almost inseparable. Their intimacy looked like friendship. The connexion was closer still when Mr. Campinet became Sir Henry. London and Newmarket became the principal seat of pleasure. Mr. Wigley

ley stood it five years, and might have stood it six, but that a salutary fever brought him leisure for reflection. He ventured on an accurate inspection of his own affairs; and found that the interest of his debts exceeded the revenue of his estate. Sir Henry Campinet had the goodness to take this estate, to pay these debts, and to grant him an annuity for life of 200l. per annum, secured on the estate itself. It had never been raised, and Sir Henry Campinet had reason to be well satisfied with his bargain. Soon after, Mr. Wigley married a lady of some but not large fortune; which he caused to be settled on herself. She had beauty too, and Sir Henry found it out. I suppose he thought it a privilege of friendship to share this with his friend; but Mrs. Wigley was simple enough to be offended at the proposal; and as he grew more importunate, was under the necessity of making a confidant of Mr. Wigley. Perhaps it was owing to the prudence of Sir Henry that the affair ended only in cessation of friendship. But great men are said not easily to forgive those they have injured. Vengeance may sleep, or seem to sleep even for years. But it may wake; and a contested election, in which Mr. Wigley had been active against the candidate supported by Lord Grondale, did awake it on the part of this nobleman. The only means of gratification now in his
lord.

lordship's power, were such as himself must have been ashamed to use. At least I hope so; for to affirm any thing upon so obscure a point is beyond my daring. It was now approaching towards twenty years, since, at the adjusting a gaming account between these dear friends, Mr. Wigley appeared indebted to Sir Henry about 300l. For this a bond was given; Sir Henry at the same time saying he would never accept the payment till his friend was 5000l. in bank. Two years after, whilst they were still friends, Wigley offered to pay it. Sir Henry said it was cancelled; and received the thanks of his friend for this act of generosity. For this bond, with its legal interest, was Wigley now arrested.

When the gentlemen returned to the sitting room, they found the ladies had recovered some degree of tranquillity, the hysterics of the younger being over. After saying somethings to them, not a little consolatory, he addressed the bailiff.

"My friend, this debt must not be paid, for it is not due. Mr. Wigley chuses to contest it. I leave him therefore under your friendly guard, till I return to offer the necessary bail."

I need not be particular as to the conclusion; a few hours were sufficient to put an end to this detestable business,—and for ever.

C H A P. XXIV.

IT may be now expedient to look in at Grondale-Hall. In the apartments of the ladies, there was plenty of repose, but in those of the gentlemen, there was action of so great vivacity, that it dissipated harmony, and dissolved friendship. Sir John Wing, during the ride home, had again endeavoured to incite Sir Philip to be a gentleman of the very first world; and became convinced that he was fit for nothing but the lap of his mother, or his mother's maid; and therefore it was best to make the most of him for the short time they had to stay. He communicated this notion to Mr. Lowram, and he to the rest, except Lord Grondale. They agreed that it was a prudential business, and that they would enter upon it that very day, having fixed on Mr. Lowram himself to occupy his lordship's attention in the fullest manner possible. These associates began by complaining at dinner, one that he was stupid; another of a violent head ach; a third of want of appetite; a fourth of an unaccountable dejection of spirits. All however agreed that wine was the universal panacea. All there-

therefore drank *ad libitum*, and with such success, that every malady gave way. After this they proceeded to the proper business of the evening. When their accounts were closed, Sir Philip Chestrum was declared to have lost 5000*l*. Altercation ensued. At length they agreed to retire, and postpone the elucidation of these mysteries till the hour of breakfast. The tone of Sir Philip's complaints in the morning would have subjected him both to the mirth and the insults of the associators, had not Lord Grondale, (who thought it ungentleman-like to plunder his intended son-in-law, and exclude himself from any share) taken up Sir Philip's cause. The quarrel became so serious, that Lord Grondale's guests announced their immediate departure, and this bosom society was dissolved for ever. That I may not have occasion to mention it any more, I shall say now, that a month after Sir John Wing waited on Sir Philip, at his seat near Falmouth, to offer him the polite alternative of paying his debts, or meeting him in the field of honour. Lady Chestrum said it was not in the paltry field of modern honour, her noble ancestors gained their laurels. So Sir Philip paid like a man of honour.

C H A P. XXV.

IT cost Lord Grondale some hours to get rid of his vexation, so as to be of proper temper of mind to meet Miss Fluart and Miss Campinet at dinner, to which he had sent them a card of invitation, or rather of command, to come. In this necessary work of tranquillising himself, he was assisted by the good Doctor Blick, who had returned from a long absence on the higher duties of his ministry; and had proceeded immediately to the Hall, to pay his usual tribute of respect and admiration where they were so justly due.

On sitting down to dinner, a little embarrassment arose. The head of the table was vacant, and Miss Campinet, not chusing to take it, unless ordered by her father, sat down in her usual place.

“My dear,” said Miss Fluart, “is not that your seat?”

“I do not offer it to Miss Campinet,” said his lordship, “till she understands her duties; but if you, Miss Fluart, will condescend to take it,——”

“I cannot indeed, my lord,” this young lady answered; “I have not the proper merit.”

It

It should seem by the cloud on his lordship's brow, that this speech did not meet his approbation. And indeed considering the sacrifice his lordship had made to the fair speaker, it was not gracious. But when will young ladies learn to say nothing they ought not to say? A cynic would say, never; but I am not a cynic. It is scarce reasonable to expect it whilst they are young, beautiful, and goddesses; that time past, I do not see the absolute impossibility of it.

The time of dinner was not very lively, but might have been instructive; for Lord Grondale called forth the whole abilities of Sir Philip Chestum; and all the Raiouses, with their fields *d'or et d'argent*, their feats of chivalry, their intermarriages, with all that the gentlemen of the herald's office think of the first importance, came forth in due procession, and stood before the wondering eyes of Miss Campinet. To this were added, and here Sir Philip was peculiarly eloquent, all the dresses of all the Countesses at the grand court days. Sir Philip had never before been so brilliant. Almost he had forgot the misfortunes of the preceding evening, when the indiscreet Miss Fluart, taking the opportunity of a pause, said, "Oh dear! I did not think there had been such famous folk any where, except the Amadis of Gaul, and the Don Bel-

Bellianuses of Greece. Pray, Sir Philip, were none of the Raioules hanged?"

"Hanged, madam!" said Sir Philip, his lips quivering with rage, "hanged!"

His lordship was shocked also; so much that he burst into an involuntary laugh, which all his power was unable to restrain. When this little convulsion was checked, he said gravely, "Young ladies are privileged. We allow them, Sir Philip, to say what they please. The pretty things have seldom any meaning."

"I subscribe to the wit and truth of this, as I do of most of your lordship's general remarks," Miss Fluart replied, "but really I had some meaning in the question; for surely if the exploits of many of Sir Philip's noble ancestors, as related by himself, were to be now performed, even their being lords would scarce screen them from the gallows."

"They lived in times of violence," his lordship said; and what more he would have said, must be for ever unknown, for Mr. Corrow was announced; Mr. Corrow, from whom his lordship expected intelligence of the gratification of that little matter of revenge with which he had indulged himself against Mr. Wigley. But Mr. Corrow had been under the necessity of accepting bail; and his lordship found himself

himself under fresh obligations to that bird of ill omen, Hermsprong.

It was some time before Lord Grondale's anger would permit his ears to open to the consolations of his lawyer; who at length informed him, that he had proof that Hermsprong had endeavoured to entice Wigley to America; which, though not directly penal, might, in the present temper of the times, be made something of.

"And," said the lawyer, "I have hints of other little circumstances. He has read the Rights of Man; this I can almost prove; and also that he has lent it to one friend, if not more; which you know, my lord, is circulation, though to no great extent. I know also where he said, that the French constitution, though not perfect, had good things in it, and that ours was not so good, but it might be mended. Now, you know, my lord, the bench of justices will not bear such things now; and if your lordship will exert your influence, I dare say they will make the country too hot to hold him."

This complacent idea restored his lordship to tolerable temper; so that he returned to the desert with Mr. Corrow; who by the way, he desired to make Hermsprong the subject of his discourse. The obliging attorney knew it was not panegyric his lordship wanted; so he turned his talents to obloquy; and Hermsprong became, under

der his skilful hands, a tolerable monster of deformity. Unfortunately, the ladies, for whose good it was intended, were taken all at once, with hardness of heart, and all manner of unbelief. Nay, it was said, but it was too incredible to be believed, that twice the lively Miss Fluart made the lawyer blush.

C H A P. XXVI.

W H E N Lord Grondale came down to his book room the next morning, he found, among others, the following letter.

To Lord Grondale.

“ Unless your lordship can prevent it, by some honourable satisfaction, a shameful tale is going to be told, in itself incredible, had it been told of other actors. It is of a nobleman who could call a man his friend; live with him for years in the greatest intimacy; introduce him into the gay scenes of fashionable life; permit—perhaps meditate—his ruin;

ruin ; attempt the chastity of his wife ; foiled in this, persecute him with little arts ; at length pour the full urn of vengeance on his head—for virtue ; for to support the freedom of elections, is surely political virtue, in every creed but the creed of courtiers. For daring to support our boasted constitution, whilst your lordship was sapping it, this man, whom you have every way injured, you dared to send to prison ; you dared to arrest him for a debt, obsolete by the laws of your country, and cancelled by your own word. It was my happy fortune to be passing near his house, soon after your lordship's honourable attorney had seized his prey. The distraction of this unhappy house I would endeavour to describe, did I not know the attempt to inspire your lordship with feelings of pity would be fruitless. And for what could you thus desolate a respectable family ?

Could you but have seen, my lord ! I saw ; and have prevented ruin, and expelled despair. I have added one more to the black catalogue of crimes, for which I have your lordship's execration, and for which you are meditating my destruction. Come on, my lord. I offer myself to your lordship, for an experiment of what wealth and power, aided by malignity and the spirit of the times, can do against innocence.

C. HERMSPRONG."

If

If Mr. Hermsprong thought, that by writing this letter, he should convey any spark of remorse or compunction into the breast of Lord Grondale, he deceived himself; it only made his lordship mad. In a paroxysm of rage, he sent for Miss Campinet. Instead of the polite irony with which he used to torment her, he now abused her in the vulgar tongue with all the power of language; spoke, though not very intelligibly, of the new insult he had received; swore, yes swore, he would stab her with his own hand,—yes, with his own hand,—sooner than she should be Hermsprong's. Finally, he gave her his last, positive, and peremptory orders to prepare for immediate marriage with Sir Philip Chestum. Three days he would give her, to return to duty and chearful obedience. On the fourth, it should be solemnized even by force; if she were still so foolish and obstinate to render force necessary.

“Yes, pretty Miss,” continued his lordship, “and consummated by force also, if your body be as refractory as your stubborn soul.”

Trembling at her father's fury, and shocked by his menaces, Miss Campinet dared not to utter a syllable in reply; but receiving her dismissal, retired to pour her tears in the bosom of her friend.

His

His lordship's next step was to send for Mr. Corrow, who lifted up his eyes in pious astonishment, that a man so daring as Herm-sprong should exist, "But," says he, "your lordship shall be rid of him by some means."

"By any means," his lordship answered.

"Apparently legal," said the lawyer.

"*Per fas et nefas*," returned his lordship.

"By G—d," says the honest attorney, "I will have him taken up as a French spy, if your lordship will support me."

"I will support you," his lordship replied; "I will; and perhaps this is really the case."

"By the bye, my lord, I believe he is no more a spy than I am. His reputation is actually rising in the county. People of some consideration begin to talk of him, and give him credit for many virtues."

"Damn his virtues," his lordship answered. "How, Corrow, can you talk so like a fool."

"Nay, my lord," said the skilful attorney, "it is not I, for I am not a man to be deceived by appearances. But opinion, I am sure I need not tell your lordship, opinion is very powerful."

"We must counteract it, Corrow. We must be active, enterprising. I would give the man a thousand pounds who should remove

move him from the kingdom, so that I might never see or hear of him more."

Mr. Corrow promised and departed.

Lord Grondale then adverted to his daughter, whose timid spirit he doubted not he could bend to his will, but for the interference of Miss Fluart. This young lady he now hated as much as he once thought he loved her; yet to turn her out of his house was so violent a breach of politeness, he could not resolve upon it. So much however did he fear her machinations, that he sent re-iterated orders to Miss Campinet, not to leave her apartments; at the door of the gallery, which led to these apartments, including Miss Fluart's also, he placed a confidential servant, as a sort of porter; with orders to permit no egress to Miss Campinet; nor letters or messages to pass that door, even to Miss Fluart, but by his own order.

If the case of the young ladies was pitiable, that of Sir Philip Chestum was not to be envied. Lord Grondale and he were tiresome companions to each other. Into the ladies recesses Sir Philip could not gain admission; he dared not to take rides into the country for fear of Hermsprong, now more than ever terrible to him. He durst not go home without Miss Campinet; for that would be to own he had deceived Lady Chestum, in his representation of this
young

young lady's affection for him; nor did he know how to answer the honourable calls which he feared would be made upon his purse by Sir John Wing without the knowledge of his mother. So he took the wise resolution to stand by Lord Grondale and marry his daughter, whether she would or no; or, as we elegantly phrase it, in spite of her teeth.

C H A P. XXVII.

SO great was Lord Grondale's indulgence, that, except from apprehension, the gentle Miss Campinet had peace two days. On the third, his lordship thought proper to summon her once more, and the first stern question was, as usual, had she disposed herself to obedience.

Miss Campinet threw herself at her father's feet, and as well as she could speak for tears and terror, requested from his hand the death he had threatened, rather than Sir Philip Chestum. To his lordship, this was disobedience, aggravated, as he thought, by reproach. His gouty hand was lifted up to strike. It fell—with no great violence indeed

indeed—but sufficient, with her fear, to lay the lovely Miss Campinet prostrate on the carpet. There he spurned her with his foot ; then commanded her to rise, to leave his presence, and to prepare for marriage on the next morning, or for everlasting imprisonment, or something still more terrible ; and so terrible was now his lordship's countenance, that his affrighted daughter rose, and as fast as her trembling limbs would permit, ran back to her own apartment.

The agitated frame of his lordship was this day destined to endure another shock ; for before he could compose himself to tolerable tranquillity, he received the following.

“ I now take the liberty to thank your lordship for those kind intentions of which I am informed by public whisper. The assault and battery action of poor Sir Philip Chestum is not a master piece of invention ; but the accusation of inveigling Wigley to America, the reading the Rights of Man : Above all, your lordship's circular letter is admirable ; in particular the inference that I must be a French spy, because your lordship does not know my birth and parentage. Yet it is probable that something still more ingenuous, more spirited, must be thought of, or I may still breathe the same air with your lordship ; still

be your lordship's monitor ; and perhaps the historian—of your virtues.

“ But I have more to thank your lordship for, and still more cordially, the treatment of your daughter. I love Miss Campinet, and though she has not told me so, I believe our love is mutual. But duty to her father obstructs the confession, and its fruits. Do not, my lord, be so cruel to me as to be kind to Miss Campinet. Let me entreat you to proceed in the same paternal course ; shew her you are her tyrant, not her father, and confirm her affections irrevocably mine. Yes, my lord, still imprison her ; still insult her with opprobrious language as false as malignant. Still force her to marry the *brave* and *respectable* Sir Philip ; still stab her with your own hand, my lord, and you rivet her affections to the man on earth you most detest. But confine her still more closely, my lord ; let not a mouse enter your doors without your knowledge ; redouble your vigilance, or she may still escape you.

“ Your lordship will suspect perhaps, that I have a source of intelligence within your house. I have, my lord ; but lest your anger should fall on innocent servants, I tell your lordship candidly, Miss Fluart is the traitress.

CHARLES HERMSPRONG.”

But

But for the opportune appearance of the good Doctor Blick, I know not whether his lordship must not have sunk under this fresh attack upon his nervous system; but this gentleman had a balsam which never failed in its healing powers, when applied to Lord Grondale's wounded pride. On this great occasion, it was copiously used, and the wound healed apace.

"But is it not, my good Doctor Blick," said his lordship, "is it not perfectly strange and unaccountable, that this man, who, from the first hour I saw him, has endeavoured to affront and offend me, should pretend to love my daughter?"

"If any thing could be strange in such a man," the Doctor replied, "this would be so; but his intolerable pride and headstrong vanity—"

"Does he not know," said his lordship, interrupting the doctor, "that she will be only the heiress of my sister, if I please; and that offending me, she will have seven thousand pounds to her fortune, instead of two or three hundred thousand? for I assure you, Doctor, if she does not marry to-morrow morning, for no longer will I suffer my patience to be abused, I will take legal measures for her disinherittance. I will leave my fortune to hospitals," continued his lordship, "or to Bedlam."

"Your lordship need not be reduced to that extremity," said the doctor; "there are worthy individuals still, though the age is corrupt; men who would use your lordship's bounty for the service of mankind—men who——"

"Are dressed in black," said his lordship, "and merely to serve mankind, pant after mitres and lawn sleeves——"

"Your lordship is so humorous," said the doctor; "but I hope the church is not really fallen into so low estimation with your lordship, that——"

"Why no," his lordship replied, "it was never so high to fall."

These and a few more sallies contributed much to restore his lordship to his wonted state of mind; and consulting the reverend doctor, what ought to be done with Miss Fluart, it was concluded that her presence would probably impede or prevent the ceremony of to-morrow. Were she away, it was not likely so gentle a spirit as Miss Campinet's would resist her duty. On which conclusion Lord Grondale wrote the following note.

"Lord Grondale's compliments to Miss Fluart, has received from Hermsprong another most insulting letter, wherein insolence is carried as high as it can go; and in which he informs him that Miss Fluart has given him

him certain intelligence which ought not to have passed this house. Lord Grondale therefore thinks Miss Fluart an improper guest in it, and requests the favour that she will leave it as soon as convenient. It is known to Miss Fluart that Miss Campinet's marriage takes place to-morrow morning; of which, as Miss Fluart has always been an opponent, it is presumed she will not be a pleased spectator; and as Lord Grondale considers Miss Campinet's refractoriness as the sole work of Miss Fluart, and hopes to see no more of it, it will be more agreeable to him, if her removal can take place before the hour. A chaise as far as Bodmin waits her orders."

This was the answer.

"Miss Fluart's compliments to Lord Grondale; is sensible that many things have passed in his lordship's house, which ought not to have passed there; she confesses the intelligence; allows Lord Grondale's right to chuse his guests; and intends to depart at ten in the morning; but without troubling his lordship for a chaise. At what hour of the morning her friend is to be sacrificed, she does not know; but thinks the sacrifice will not be compleated, when Lord Grondale sees his daughter so changed, that even Sir Philip Chestum will shrink from her offered hand."

The morning came, and with it, to the two friends, the sad necessity of parting. At ten the chaise appeared. The tender leave was taken in Miss Campinet's apartment; and tender it must have been, for Miss Fluart, unable to look up, her handkerchief before her eyes, and sobbing as if her heart would break, ran through the hall, and threw herself into the chaise. Miss Fluart's maid followed, without the least symptom of distress, erect, and smiling a courteous farewell to those servants who were in the passage. Lord Grondale, whose dressing room fronted the court, had taken the trouble to slip on his morning gown, in order to enjoy the happy minute when his house would be rid of one who had inflicted on him such a variety of torment. He saw her enter the chaise, he saw her whirled away, and I hope said a prayer of thanksgiving.

C H A P. XXVIII.

I Have not thought it necessary till now to acquaint my readers, that when Miss Fluart had extinguished [the flame she had
lighted

lighted up in the right honourable bosom of Lord Grondale, his lordship felt an inclination to reinstate Mrs. Stone in all her former rights and privileges. Indeed she had been a kind nurse to him; and oft, since her departure, had he missed her cherishing care, in the little daily complaints to which his debilitated body was now subject. She too, did not find herself happy in the deprivation of the power and pre-eminence she had so long possessed. No sooner therefore was the overture made on the part of the lord, than it was graciously accepted on the part of the lady; and there succeeded, as usual, after differences of this nature, a great increase of confidence. She had returned several days before Miss Fluart's departure, but she wished, if possible, it might remain unknown to the ladies, because Miss Fluart had not treated her with due respect.

The ladies did not know it however; and indeed every thing that passed in the house which they chose to hear; for so great is the difference betwixt kindness and tyranny, that where Lord Grondale had only servants, Miss Campinet had friends.

An hour after Miss Fluart's departure, Mr. Corrow having arrived with the parchments necessary to be signed previous to the ceremony, and Doctor Blick every moment expected, it was thought proper to send

Mrs. Stone to Miss Campinet with a message from his lordship, requiring her presence. Mrs. Stone accordingly sent in a message to the young lady, requesting permission to wait upon her. Miss Campinet's maid returned for answer, that her lady had lain down, being unwell; but should be glad to see Mrs. Stone.

On her entrance, Miss Campinet apologized for her unpolite reception, saying, that in addition to her other complaints she had a severe tooth-ach, which had swelled her face, so that she could scarcely speak to be understood. Mrs. Stone was sorry, extremely sorry, and said, after delivering his lordship's message, that if she wished a delay to the ceremony, on account of her health, she would endeavour to persuade his lordship to indulge her; although both the lawyer and the clergyman were come.

Miss Campinet thanked Mrs. Stone for her kindness, but declined the postponing the ceremony. Suspense, she said, was a disagreeable state of mind; nor did she chuse any more to irritate Lord Grondale. She said she knew she should fright Sir Philip when he saw her face; but she owned that gave her little concern; requested Mrs. Stone to carry her duty to Lord Grondale, and say, she would attend the company

company in a few minutes, hoping for all the indulgence her pain and weakness demanded.

Mrs. Stone having delivered her message, Miss Campinet was waited for with solemn and expectant silence; and in a few minutes after she entered; her face almost covered with her handkerchief. Lord Grondale pointed to a chair.

"I am sorry, Miss Campinet," his lordship began, "to see you indisposed on a day which ought to be a day of joy; but a return to duty will best restore you to a quiet mind; and this, to personal health. I presume I now see you disposed to obedience."

Miss Campinet bowed.

"You are scarcely dressed as I could wish you for the occasion," his lordship continued, "but after the ceremony this little error may be corrected."

Again Miss Campinet bowed.

"Mrs. Stone," said his lordship; "will have the goodness to officiate as bridesmaid; this is a necessary consequence, Miss Campinet, of certain things which have passed, and which may now be buried in oblivion. It is first necessary to sign the marriage settlements, in which you will see that my paternal care of you has not been diminished by—but of that no more. Sir Philip, approach and sign."

Sir Philip did so.

"Now, Sir Philip," said his lordship, "lead your bride to the table." And in an audible whisper, he added, "salute her as your own."

"O dear, how happy I am," said Sir Philip, as he approached the lady.

It was her duty to take the handkerchief away to receive the salute. She did this with the greatest possible courtesy, and discovered to the enamoured bridegroom, not the face of Miss Campinet, swelled with pain, but the individual countenance of Miss Maria Fluart, with an arch smile upon it, that did not at all denote the timidity of a trembling bride.

Poor Sir Philip, as if he had seen the face of Wedusa, flew back, and encountered a girandole, which fell to the floor, a girandole no more. Of the astonished spectators of this extraordinary metamorphosis, the reverend Doctor lifted up his eyes and hands towards heaven, in pious wonder; the lawyer stared—a vacant stare; Miss Campinet's maid burst into laughter; Mrs. Stone had the utmost difficulty to refrain; Sir Philip's features bore all the marks of fatuity; and fire began to flash from the terrific eyes of Lord Grondale.

All were dumb; Miss Fluart saw the necessity of some one beginning to speak; so she

she addressed Lord Grondale very courteously.

"My lord, you seem disordered; I hope I have not been the unfortunate cause—I, who desire to do every body good."

Lord Grondale answering only with looks of fury, this young lady addressed Mrs. Stone, who, she said, she was quite happy to see on so joyful an occasion, and whom she congratulated on being restored to her rank and dignity. Mrs. Stone not answering, she applied to Doctor Blick.

"Doctor," said she, "you came to marry somebody, I presume. Is it of any importance to you who? I offer myself to your benediction. Are you ready, Sir Philip?"

The baronet looked a little furly, and began to pick up the fragments of the girandole.

"Oh dear," says the lady, "I fear I shall not be married to-day, unless your lordship, or you, Doctor Blick, will take pity on me."

At length Lord Grondale found his speech. "It is possible, Miss Fluart, you may think this frolic innocent, but consequences may flow from it which you may not expect."

"I am quite easy about that my lord; provided the consequences follow that I do expect."

"What

"What are those?" his lordship asked.

"The happiness of your daughter, my lord."

"Is happiness to be purchased by disobedience?" asked Dr. Blick.

"Yes, Miss Campiner's," the lady answered.

"I suppose you know, young lady," said the Doctor, "that it is my duty, my office, to advise, admonish, reprove—"

"In all Christian humility," replied Miss Fluart; "when Doctor Blick can prevail upon himself to wear that garb, I believe I may promise to become his humble scholar."

"Have you no reverence, madam, for the sacerdotal character?"

"Much, Sir, for the character; little for the mere habit."

"This, madam, to me!"

"This, Sir, to you."

"Do I appear in your eyes to wear the habit only?"

"Very much so, Sir."

The Doctor's choler rose; he felt a suffocating sensation somewhere; a sort of swell about the precordia; but he suffered in silence.

As nobody seemed inclined to speak, Miss Fluart rose from her chair, made a low courtesy to Lord Grondale, thanked him for all favours, bade him adieu, and walked gently

gently out of the apartment, followed by Miss Campinet's maid.

The Reverend Doctor Blick's zeal now burst its bounds.

"If these things are to be suffered, my lord, farewell to all religion and morality."

"What can one do," said his lordship, "with a giddy girl?"

"The law corrects women as well as men, my lord; otherwise there would be no living with them."

"The law!" said his lordship. "Corrow—what say you?"

"No doubt, my lord; the law doth coerce women; but whether this be a case to which the law will apply, I have not duly considered."

"Were it my case," said the mild Doctor, "this impertinent young woman should never leave this house till she had atoned for her evil doings; for depend upon it, my lord, it is more she than Miss Campinet, that has crossed your lordship's inclinations."

"But how could I be justified in detaining her?" said Lord Grondale.

"I own," says Corrow, "I do not at present see the mode of justification, but I think, a little consideration might shew us one, by the aid of Doctor Blick, in his capacity of justice of the peace."

"But

"But in the mean time," said Lord Grondale, "the girl will be gone."

"Then, my lord," said the Doctor, "I advise your lordship immediately to go and stop her. I will forfeit my head if we do not find a legal and justifiable cause."

"Very well," his lordship replied; "I will delay her for a few hours, at least, till you have well considered."

His lordship left the room, to execute this gracious purpose.

CH A P. XXIX.

ALONG with his lordship went Mrs. Stone, not by any means as approving the design of detaining her, which she did not wish, and which she thought futile and illegal. They found Miss Fluart and Miss Campinet's maid ready, and at the instant of departure. Lord Grondale seemed flurried; his beautiful yellow face had taken a deeper hue. He spoke, and gasped as he spoke, so that he was not very intelligible. Miss Fluart most politely reached him a chair, and said, "Don't hurry yourself, my lord; take time; and do

do me the favour to inform me what has occasioned me the honour of this visit."

"Miss Fluart," said his lordship, "you are——"

"I know I am, my lord; but not very well what."

"Where is Caroline Campinet?"

"I really cannot tell, my lord; I have not seen her since ten this morning."

"And do you think, Miss Fluart, that I am a proper person to be thus played upon?"

"Very proper, my lord."

"And can you, madam, after all that has past,—can you hope to escape me with impunity?"

"Why," says Miss Fluart with a roguish smile, "what *can* your lordship do?"

"It is you who have encouraged Caroline in her disobedience."

"It is so, my lord."

"And you have the effrontery to confess it to my face?"

"My dear lord, that is not a polite word to a lady; that effrontery—it is almost calling me an impudent baggage. However, my lord, I do confess it; and am much inclined to boast of it too."

"Probably you contrived the elopement of this morning?"

"Yes, please your lordship, I contrived the elopement of this morning."

"Per-

"Perhaps concerted it with Herm-
sprong."

"Not impossible."

"Where is she gone?"

"Cannot your lordship guess?"

"To Scotland? Death, madam, you do not mean it. If such is her folly, the remainder of her days shall be bread and water. And her husband, if he dare to be her husband, shall have the most rigorous punishment the laws can inflict. He shall know what it is to steal an heiress."

"An heiress! why, has not your lordship had the goodness to disinherit her?"

"No, madam, that was intention only, not fact. She is still an heiress. The crime is capital, and you are accessory before the fact."

"Oh dear! how you take a delight in terrifying poor innocent young women. But, pray, my lord, what is stealing?"

"A carrying off, and a consequent marriage."

"Yes,—but when a man and a woman go quietly into a post chaise together, it may puzzle the judge and the jury, to determine whether the He carries away the She; or the She the He."

"The law, madam, respecting the delicacy of the sex, always supposes the man the seducer, and treats him accordingly."

"The

"The law is vastly obliging to Caroline; but to poor I, who was only a secondary, it is monstrous cruel. But, my dear lord, can you have the heart to hang me? Me, whom you loved so well?"

"Have you, madam, any possible claim to my favour or indulgence? You, who have injured me in the tenderest points."

"Now, do let us hear those points, my lord; I should like to know what I am to suffer for."

"You gave me all possible reason to believe you designed me your hand."

"Certainly, my lord, you took the reason, if there was any; I always told you, I believed I could never prevail upon myself to give my consent; and you see I was right."

"You meant I should believe the contrary. You meant to deceive."

"Perfectly sensible I was not a fit wife for your lordship, how could I think upon imposing a deceiver upon the just and generous Lord Grondale, whose character for integrity stands so high?"

"Dare any man impeach it?"

"That would be what you call *scandalum magnatum*, would it not, my lord? But people will talk, especially women."

"Yes, women are immaculate; they never deceive or betray."

"A little of both sometimes."

"It

"It is not impossible but Miss Fluart may feel herself guilty."

"Not of betraying; for when had I your lordship's confidence? Did you intrust me with the paternal resolution of killing your daughter with your own hand, if she would not marry Sir Philip Chestum; the most contemptible of men?"

"Nonsense! how could it impose upon you?"

"On me it did not. But it terrified Caroline quite out of her senses, so that ever since she has been obliged to me for a little understanding. I taught her that under your lordship's paternal affection, she could not possibly fail of being miserable; under Mr. Hermsprong's conjugal one, it was not impossible she might be happy. I taught her that your lordship, having violated all the duties incumbent on you as a father, she owed you nothing as a daughter. Then Hermsprong wrote very moving letters, and said very moving things—"

"Said! what! interviews too!"

"Don't interrupt me, my lord. In short, I endeavoured to convince her you was one of the most odious gentlemen in all these parts. After which I had nothing to do but to contrive to get her out of your *right honourable* clutches; no difficult matter, but that I had so much to do to make her

her perform her part; for if left to herself she would have preferred death by your *honourable* and paternal hand. Don't you think you have great obligations to me, my lord?"

"Yes, by heaven, madam, and I will repay you. Out of this house you shall not stir, till I deliver you up to due course of law."

"And, pray, my lord, by what authority do you pretend to confine me? Watson, you are my servant now. I order you to follow me. We are under the necessity of leaving this hospitable house by force. Stand off my lord."

His lordship now began to bawl out for his servants. The butler ran, the cook, and two footmen.

"Stop this woman," said his lordship; "stop her, I charge you."

"Let me see who dare," said Miss Fluart, producing a pistol, and almost overturning his lordship as she passed.

"Seize them I command you," said the enraged Lord Grondale.

No one obeyed; and the intrepid Miss Fluart walked on to the hall door, which she opened herself unimpeded even by the porter. At the door of the garden leading into the village, she was received by Hermsprong and Glen; for historical veracity obliges me to make known to my read-

ers

ers, that this was a concerted plan, and that these gentlemen were prepared to rescue Miss Fluart by force, had any insult been offered her, of which they were to have been apprized by the butler a respectable man, who had seen with equal shame and disgust, the infamous treatment, for so he scrupled not to call it, to which his beloved young mistress had been subjected.

C H A P. XXX.

SOME of the numerous complaints which afflicted the august person of Lord Grondale was supposed to arise from vitiated bile, and which the emotions he had lately undergone were not at all calculated to sweeten. An increased yellowness denoted his lordship to have undergone some change from the tempests which had lately shook him. The men of medicine called it jaundice ; but whatsoever it might do to the body it did not in the least alter the fabric of his lordship's mind.

On the third day after her departure, Miss Campinet wrote the following letter.

“ My

“ My heart is humble ; it is tender ; and beats towards its only parent ; but I know not in what words to address a father who believes he has cause to be offended. It is with sorrow and regret I learn, that my friend’s vivacity has led you, Sir, into the error of supposing that I had totally thrown off the duty of a daughter, and had gone off to Scotland for the purpose of marriage. No, my lord ; I am with my respectable and venerable aunt, Mrs. Garnet. In my unfortunate situation, to whom else could I so properly apply, for shelter from malevolence. Nor is Mr. Hermsprong an inhabitant of the same house ; his own delicacy pointed out its impropriety.

“ I will not deny, Sir, the high esteem I have for this gentleman, whose general manners obtain the respect of every one. I cannot forget that he ventured his life to save mine, and saved it. I regret the proud inflexibility of his behaviour to your lordship, for which I cannot account. This excepted, he is, what your lordship must like, if he were better known ; for a spirit of undeviating rectitude, which spurns at every thing mean and selfish ; an unruffled sweetness of temper, and a soul of benevolence, must merit, and obtain, your lordship’s approbation.

“ But whatsoever may be my sentiments respecting this gentleman, they shall not interfere

interfere with my duty, if my father will listen to the request of his unhappy daughter. I promise, Sir, not to marry without your approbation, if you will have the goodness not to insist on my marrying against my own.

“It afflicts me, Sir, to hear you are less well than usual; my most earnest wish, is, to be permitted to pay you always those affectionate duties and attentions, which would be so pleasing to me to perform, could I be allowed to hope you would be pleased to receive them from your most dutiful daughter,

CAROLINE CAMPINET.”

Whatsoever Lord Grondale might have thought of the more dutiful and affectionate part of Miss Campinet's letter, he was much too irritable to bear the praise of Hermsprong. He chose to answer as follows.

To Miss Campinet.

“I know not why I should take the trouble to answer your eloquent and pathetic epistle, Miss Campinet, but to shew you I see through your little arts. You love—but do not, like Antony, chuse to lose the world for love. You would wait a year, or, as you may hope, a month or two, till you have raised the marble monument
over

over my grave; have shed a few pious and thankful tears upon it; and then perhaps dance around it with the man, who, ever since the first unfortunate moment I knew him, has taken every occasion to insult and offend me. But it is quite enough, Miss Campinet, to give him your fond heart and pretty person. To add my estate to it, would be to overwhelm him with felicity. This must be my care.

“Fathers in general are accustomed to expect submission from their children, and obedience. I have a daughter who knows the rights of women, who stipulates conditions with her father; who talks prettily about duties and attentions; who takes the trouble to become her father’s preceptor; and points out for his imitation a pattern of rectitude and benevolence, in a young puppy, who may, for ought she knows, be of the dregs of mankind, a mere fortune hunter, with all the simulation and dissimulation belonging to that class of human beings. It will however soon, sooner than you wish, be seen, whether the law will be as indulgent to him as a love sick girl. For the rest, give yourself no trouble, Miss Campinet, about your filial duties. I have no daughter.

GRONDALE.”

P. S.

P. S. "Mrs. Garnet is to shelter you from malevolence! Yes,—as the procuress does her innocent virgins. Could she shelter you from my power, do you think, did I believe you worthy of its exertion?"

C H A P. XXXI.

THIS was indeed a cruel letter; Lord Grondale had surpassed himself. Miss Campinet would have sickened and died perhaps, had not Miss Fluart laughed; had not Mrs. Garnet soothed; and had not Mr. Hermsprong reasoned. Whether his reasoning was just or otherwise, I do not decide; but I believe it was efficacious.

"Will Miss Campinet have the goodness to inform me, if our actions can have better guides than the rule of plain and simple justice? The condition of your being, would have carried you almost instinctively, to have resisted your father, had he made a sudden attack upon your life and happiness, ought he less to be resisted because the attack is premeditated? Because the fault is greater on his side, ought your obedience to be greater also? I had a father, whom

whom I always obeyed; whom I always thought it my duty to obey, because his commands seldom wounded my feelings, and never insulted my understanding. I loved him. Could I have loved a tyrant? In vain would the reasoners of this polished country say, every thing is due to the authors of our existence. Merely for existence, I should have answered, I owe nothing. It is for rendering that existence a blessing, my filial gratitude is due. If I am made miserable, ought I to pay for happiness? Suppose me the child of an ancient Grecian parent, who not chusing to support me, had, according to the existing laws of his country, exposed me to perish. Suppose me preserved and educated by a stranger, whose compassion would not permit me to perish. Is it to the author of my existence, or of the happiness of that existence, to whom I am in debt? For a moment, lovely Miss Campinet, lay aside your pre-conceived notions of duty, and tell me in what part of Lord Grondale's conduct to you, can you recognize the care and tenderness of a father?"

Miss Campinet was at first angry to hear paternity thus treated. Then she wept. With her tears, her compunctions seemed to decrease; and in a few days, she dared to admit of consolation.

VOL. II.

I

They

They reasoned too at Grondale-hall, I believe, in a different manner. It was not of justice they talked; it was of law. To drive Hermsprong out of the kingdom was of the first necessity to Lord Grondale. His second great object was to disinherit his daughter. For this, Mr. Corrow was ordered to consult the attorney general, and to take the proper steps immediately. Not quite content with this, his lordship wanted to force Miss Campinet home again; for considering how few pleasures he now possessed, the pleasure of tormenting could not be parted with, without great reluctance. But this, Mrs. Stone opposed, for she had spirit, and was by no means destitute of humanity. After one of those conversations, in which his lordship discovered more malignity than Mrs. Stone could bear, she told him plainly, that she would neither be an instrument of his inhumanity, nor a witness. The day that forcibly brought back Miss Campinet, should be that of her own departure from Grondale for ever; so his lordship was forced to be content with the instrumentality of law. Not less was his unfortunate lordship embarrassed by Hermsprong. Neither the obsequious Doctor Blick, nor the zealous Mr. Corrow, were so positive in their assurances as they had been, for they had begun to fear. It had happened, that notwithstanding those singularities

singularities of Hermsprong's character, which unfitted him for the society of English gentlemen; notwithstanding he eat only to live, and had not yet found out the ravishing pleasures of the bottle, or those still more extatic of cards and dice; yet there was something so engaging in his manners, that where he came, he pleased. Men, who could not find in their hearts to imitate it, applauded his benevolence; and all admired his free and manly spirit, which had shewn itself in many instances, which a good biographer would have thought it his duty to record. I am not a good biographer; and shall conclude this eulogium by saying, that he began to be considered as a man of property, as well as respectability; and that Mr. Corrow thought it wise not to go rashly and blindly on. But these were morning fears; the evening consultations had more of spirit and of expectation; and in the last of these, it was concluded, that Hermsprong should be summoned by Doctor Blick and another justice, before the whole bench, at the next quarter sessions; that the most able counsel should be retained, and amply paid for his utmost exertion. That the whole force of their artillery should be brought down at once, to obtain a commitment to prison. Once there, they might easily find means to retain him, till he would be sick of his confinement, and

consent to exchange it for another kingdom.

C H A P. XXXII.

WHILE the sessions were approaching, and his lordship, with his co-adjutors, preparing the threatened thunder, news arrived that the miners were in a state of riot; the motive, dearness of provisions. The second day's report was, that their numbers increased; that they threatened violence; that the magistrates durst not act. The third day's intelligence was still more alarming. There must be French agents amongst them. The fourth that they were coming to pull down all lords houses, especially Lord Grondale's; for he was a miner; had gotten rich by the sweat of their brows, and for any good he had ever done they had never heard of it. His lordship justly alarmed, gave orders for an immediate journey to London; when in the evening of that day, he had the agreeable intelligence that the mob had dispersed without doing much mischief, and had returned peaceably to their labours.

Amongst

Amongst the other minutiae of information, it was told his lordship that Herm sprong was amongst the rioters, and had even been seen to give some of them money. Doctor Blick and Mr. Corrow, who knew his lordship's taste, were of opinion that he could be there for no good; and that it almost confirmed the suspicion of his being a French spy. After an hour's ingenious reasoning, it became a certainty; and on it, above every thing else, they grounded their expectations of a commitment.

In the interim, before the day of appearance came, no pains were spared to procure every kind of sinister information respecting Herm sprong. The inquiry was unfortunate. Mouths in plenty were ready to open in his praise; not one to his discredit. This operated in a wonderful manner. Doctor Blick found out, that no man would give himself the trouble to please every body, without great and uncommon motives. In proportion as he was plausible, he must be the more dangerous. His talents were finely calculated for the office of a spy; and a spy he certainly was. "I assure your lordship," said the good Doctor, "an hour after dinner—I assure your lordship, it is very seldom, very seldom indeed, that I have been mistaken in my judgments of men."

C H A P. XXXIII.

LORD GRONDALE had resolved to honour the county court with his presence. There was an impropriety in it, no doubt, which his lordship could not entirely overlook; but since the culprit was undoubtedly a French spy, it became a man, zealous for the welfare of his country, to overlook little improprieties, in the pursuit of an object of so great importance, as that of ridding the kingdom of a traitor.

Lord Grondale entered the court, attended by a numerous suit, amongst whom were half the bench of justices. In passing along the hall he had the mortification to see Hermsprong elegantly and rather richly dressed, in conversation with Miss Fluart, and accompanied by many gentlemen of genteel appearance. In Mr. Hermsprong's face appeared no signs of dejection, shame, or fear. He seemed all spirit and animation. His party took their seats, when the court proceeded to business, and he presented himself in obedience to his summons.

Previous to moving for Mr. Hermsprong's commitment, it was necessary to
state

state to the court the reasons for such motion, and the advocate his lordship had chosen, addressed the bench in the following words :

“ At a time when the nation is so greatly, excessively, and alarmingly alarmed, agitated, and convulsed ; when danger is so clearly and evidently to be feared, dreaded, and apprehended, from enemies both exterior and interior, it behoves the magistrates of the several counties to be wakeful and vigilant in detecting, discovering, and bringing to condign punishment, all traitors who are working and hatching their wicked and diabolical plans in secret.

“ A very terrible, dreadful, and alarming riot has, as you well know, been set on foot in this county, and there are also many and manifold reasons to believe that it was raised, excited, and supported by secret emissaries from France. A person who calls himself Hermsprong, I suppose the same who now sits here in obedience to your summons, was seen many times amongst them, was heard to harangue them, and what is in this case a most suspicious and atrocious circumstance, and I dare say your worships will think as I do, was observed to give money ; to give money, gentlemen ; please to take particular notice of this.

“That this person is not well disposed towards this government, in church and state, appears in various multitudinous modes and manners.

“He has also counselled and advised sundry subjects of this his majesty’s realm of England, to migrate to America, and hath promised pecuniary and recommendatory aid and assistance to enable them so to do.

“Although there may be other particulars of a public nature, tending to criminate this person, I do not think a larger and more copious catalogue is necessary to be exhibited to this worshipful bench, because the proof of all will lie before a court of superior jurisdiction. But there are matters of a private nature, which indeed are rather to be considered as civil injuries, but the mention of which may serve to strengthen and corroborate the general idea that ought to be formed of such a person. What I mean, is the whole tenor of his conduct to Lord Grondale, a nobleman of the first consequence, whose numerous virtues it is not in my power to praise as they deserve. To this noble lord, his personal conduct, deportment, and behaviour, has been in a high degree insulting, not only in contempt to the noble lord’s own person, but in interfering whenever he could do the noble lord an injury, or even

even a spite. Of this nature was his bidding against his lordship's agent, though otherwise requested, for a house lately occupied by his lordship's sister; and which, lying as it were in the center of his lordship's domains, ought, in reason and the nature of things, to become the noble lord's property. This purchase, however, I presume to think, we shall shortly set aside in the court of King's-bench, by proving the purchaser an alien. This insulting purchase, made, it should seem, out of a bravado to the noble lord, is farther aggravated, by introducing into the house a relation of the noble lord's, who had been rejected by the family for an indiscretion, which his lordship's honourable house could not pardon. This person, Mr. Herm sprong, a stranger to her, who heard of her only by chance, has brought just under his lordship's nose, as one may say; and chusing to set up a carriage, I do not presume to know upon what means, under the pretence of its being the property of the noble lord's rejected relation, has had the presumption to put upon it the family arms, an indignity I suppose no noble lord could put up with. But all these things are trifles to what I shall now mention, the highest of all civil injuries, the seduction of the noble lord's daughter—"

HermSprong, whose countenance had hitherto exhibited no stronger emotion than a placid smile, now suddenly rose. The act of rising, and the fire that sparkled from his eye, stopped the pleader. "Seduction, Sir!" said HermSprong. But recovering himself, and bowing to the bench, he said, "I ask pardon of the court," then casting an indignant glance at the advocate, sat down.

There was something in HermSprong altogether, which inspired the counsellor with a sensation resembling timidity; at least, he lost part of that effrontery, so useful, and so used, in his profession; and said, in a tone less exalted, "The gentleman's interruption did not give me leave to finish my period."

"No," said the Reverend Dr. Blick, "it did not. To interrupt a gentleman in the midst of his pleading, is a high contempt of this court, and ought to be punished by commitment."

HermSprong looked full in the worthy magistrate's face. I was a look which seemed to say, can this be possible? and it ended with a smile of such superlative contempt, that the doctor felt his choler rise to an invincible height.

"If magistrates," said he, "are to be thus treated,—on every bench,—in the
actual

actual performance of their functions,—I know not who will fit here——certainly not I.”

A murmuring noise ran round the court. The justices had a sort of whispering conference, and seemed rather disposed to espouse the cause of their offended brother, when Mr. Saxby, who sat in the chair, a gentleman of the greatest weight upon the bench, having been bred to the bar, and leaving it on his accession to one of the largest estates in the county, demanded silence.

“I blush,” said he, “when I see this court attend to the passions of any of its members, or of its own. What may be the nature of the particular offence given to our reverend brother, I know not; it was contained in a look; and this court, I think, has not cognizance of looks. As to the offence against the court itself, it was the smallest possible. It was an instant, perhaps a laudable impulse, and instantly and genteelly atoned for. I request there may be no farther delay of our proper business.”

Doctor Blick making no answer, but by a look of swollen malignity, the counsellor proceeded.

“It was my intention to explain to the gentleman, that by the word seduction, I meant, not of the person, but the affections; which

which I suppose the gentleman does not mean to deny."

"Is it," Hermsprong asked, "is it permitted me to deny?"

"Better," Mr. Saxby replied, "when this gentleman has said all he intends."

"I was just on the point of finishing," replied the counsel; "for as to the gentleman's rude assault and battery on the person of a most respectable baronet, now in court, (for Sir Philip was of Lord Grondale's suite) that will be heard before another tribunal. It rests with the bench to determine, whether the causes I have enumerated are sufficient for commitment."

"It is not," said Hermsprong, rising, "from confidence in my own abilities; that I presume to address the court myself, rather than by the aid of an advocate, but, totally ignorant of what I could be accused, it was not possible for me to give instructions. Indeed the learned gentleman's oration has shewn me, how formidable a structure may be raised on a very slender base of truth. Fiction of law, perhaps, may be the learned gentleman's general guide, as it is in the particular instance of my having rudely beat a respectable baronet now present, whom, however, I appeal to himself, I did not beat. It is true, the respectable baronet did not comport himself quite to my liking, so I took the liberty

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ty to remove him out of my way ; but with so cautious a delicacy, that so far from dislocating a limb, I did not even discompose a curl. For this offence, however, I am not called to answer at this tribunal.

“ Respecting Lord Grondale, there is against me variety of charges. First, disrespect to his person. To this I plead guilty, and freely confess I have no respect for his person. If this be a crime in the English jurisprudence, I must be content to suffer the penalty.

“ I am accused of bidding against his lordship’s agent for a house put up to sale by public auction. In this, I offended not against law, I presume, but courtesy. I own I was advertised against whom I was bidding. But if Lord Grondale’s agent meant to intimidate me by the mention of so great a name, I was under the necessity of shewing I was not to be so intimidated. If it was designed as an exercise of my complaisance, I did not think it fair to require such complaisance at an auction. I wanted a fixed habitation; I liked the romantic scenes around, and I had other reasons why I wished for a residence in the vale of Grondale.

“ But in this habitation, I am accused of placing a relation of the family, a person of indiscretion, so great, that the noble house of Grondale could not pardon her. This person

person was no other than the aunt of Lord Grondale, who, unkindly treated at home, gave her affections and her hand to a Mr. Garnet, a merchant, affluent then, and of integrity untainted; of a character indeed, which, if noble lords would stoop from their dignity to obtain, would do them more honour than all the insignia the herald's office can bestow. The property of a merchant however is insecure almost to a proverb. He suffered immense loss in the West-Indies. He went in person to reinstate it. In this he was but little successful. On his return he perished by a wreck of his vessel. Of his remaining fortune, so much was swallowed by legal contention, that when his debts were paid, so little remained to the widow, that she has since struggled with every want but the want of pride, which would not permit her to ask or accept charity. The noble lord, her nephew, was made acquainted with her situation, both by herself and others. To every application his lordship answered, he knew her not. It was indeed true—he knew her not. When I did, it became my first wish that she would permit me to consider her as a mother. I applied for this valuable privilege; I obtained it; and so dear to me is the distinction, I would not exchange it for his lordship's barony.

“ But the climax of my offences against Lord Grondale is the seduction of his daughter.

daughter. I know not whether the laws of England give its advocates the liberty, however they may stand in an opinion of popularity, of saying any thing, every thing with impunity; of loading the opponent client with every obloquy that sinks his character from man to monster; but if they do not, you Sir, (to the counsel) must answer me this charge in another court. I have not her person, though I hope I may possess her affections; whether won by philtres, or by what other seductive means, it may become your province, Sir, to explain."

"These are my private crimes, or what the learned gentleman, I imagine calls civil injuries. My public crimes are, that I have advised and promised to aid sundry of his majesty's subjects to migrate to America.

"That I may be a French spy. And

"That I have been a rioter.

"All that can be proved against me without perjury, I will save the court time, by open acknowledgement.

"There is a Mr. Wigley, probably known to many gentlemen here, has had thoughts of quitting this country for America. This gentleman has asked my advice. I have given him information only, for I do not chuse to give advice which may here^{after} subject

subject me to reproach. If the court demands, or Lord Grondale desires, a full explanation of Mr. Wigley's motives and my own, I am ready to give it.

"The next charge against me is, that I may be a spy. So, gentlemen, may you, if you please; but the accuser seems to have forgot to say by what deeds I have manifested this spy-ship. If these sentiments offend you, I am here to answer for the offence. I ask not favour; I demand justice."

Mr. Hermsprong here ceased to speak, and the court remained a few minutes silent. A sort of astonishment seemed to have pervaded it, I know not whether produced by Hermsprong's arguments or his intrepidity. At length, the chairman said, "You have taken no notice of the leading charge against you, that of being amongst, and of giving money to the rioters."

"That I went amongst them," Hermsprong answered, "is true; and that I gave money amongst them, is true. My accuser says these must have been with a bad intention. I deny that it was so. Was I seen committing any acts of violence? Was I heard uttering any seditious harangue? If I was guilty of any illegal act, surely the proof lies with the accuser; I demand his evidence."

"The

"The evidence must be reserved for the day of trial," said the counsel.

"Enough should be given," the chairman answered, "to justify our committing the gentleman, at least, which is what you desire of us."

No answer being given, the junior justice of the bench, a young man who had just qualified, rose and said, "Since nobody else will give evidence, Mr. Herm sprong, I will. I went amongst the mob according to my duty, and twice I read the riot act in vain. I saw this gentleman amongst them, but knew not his designs. On the third day I heard him speak, and his seditious discourse ran in these terms. 'My friends, perhaps it may be true that your wages are not adequate to the furnishing you with all the superfluities of life which you may desire; but these are unhappy times, and require of you a greater degree of frugality and forbearance. My friends, we cannot all be rich; there is no possible *equality* of *property* which can last a *day*. If you were capable of desiring it, which I hope you are not, you must wade through such scenes of guilt and horror to obtain it, as you would tremble to think of. You must finish the horrid conflict by destroying each other. And why should you desire it? The rich have luxurious tables and dis-case; if you have poverty, you have health.

health. Add but content, and you have all that is worth having here.' A turbulent fellow interrupted him here with damn you, who are you? What business have you here preaching amongst us? As if we did not know what's what as well as you. Mr. Hermsprong answered with great mildness, my friend, it is to little purpose who I am. I ask of you only to attend to the reasonableness of what I say. Truth is worth our regard, by whomsoever it is spoke.'

"Damn you," replies the other, "I believe you are one of King George's spies, and no better than your master." Mr. Hermsprong, without reply, knocked him down. This astonished the crowd, and not a hand was raised against him. The man rose with his head a little bloody, and was flinching. Mr. Hermsprong called him back. My good friend, said he, "I am sorry to have hurt you. Any thing you had said relative to myself, I should not so have resented; but so to revile your *King*, is to weaken the *concord* that ought to subsist betwixt him and all his *subjects*, and overthrow all *civil* order. I hope you will be sorry for your passion, as I shall then for mine. Pray, accept this half-crown; I give it with all my heart. The man took it, though awkwardly; and this gentle-

gentleman continued to speak to the crowd. "I wish, my friends, I was able to supply all your wants, and give you all your reasonable desires. But I am a single individual; you are many. If, however, there are any amongst you who have large families, now wanting food, I have some silver, and to such I freely give it. You, Sir, (he now addressed a man of the best appearance amongst them) you, Sir, are a neighbour. Neighbours only can know one another's wants. To you I intrust this purse. There is honesty in your face. I am sure you will dispose of it among those who want, and want the most. The man flattered with the distinction, withdrew to a neighbouring ale-house; and bribing a few of the most forward, and giving ale to others, he prevailed on them to disperse. I was separated from Mr. Hermsprong soon after, but heard that he continued late amongst them. The next day, however, not a man was to be seen; all was peace and order. If, therefore, the charge of this gentleman's being a French spy, for we have nothing to do with his demeanour to Lord Grondale, rests, as I suspect, on this affair of the riot, or on similar grounds, we have not the least possible pretence for commitment."

The justices withdrew to the grand jury chamber,

chamber, and soon returned ; disappointment and dissatisfaction appearing in the face of Doctor Blick alone.

Mr. Saxby, addressing Hermsprong, said, "There does not appear any overt act, Sir, on your part, for which you ought to be committed to confinement. It is said, however, that you are a foreigner, and in this country have no property, relations or connections which bind you to it. In these suspicious times we think circumspection, with regard to strangers, necessary. You will not therefore wonder that we require some particulars of you."

Mr. Hermsprong bowed.

"Of what country are you?"

"I was born in America."

"You have resided some years in France?"

"Not properly resided. My mother was a French woman. I have been in France some part of every one of the last six years."

"Which do you consider as your country?"

"Not France, certainly. England, if I may be permitted to reside in it in peace, otherwise America."

"By the name, your father must have been of German origin."

"It should seem so."

"Sir,

"Sir, that is not explicit. Is it so? or is Hermsprong your real name?"

"Can it be of importance, by what name an unknown individual chooses to be distinguished?"

"Every man incurring suspicion, who cannot, or who will not, give an explicit account of himself, is exposed to the animadversion of the magistrates. It is important to know your real name, that we may be put in the proper track of inquiry. If you conceal it, or assume one not your own, you give, against yourself, a strong cause of suspicion."

"I know not why I should seem to elude your inquiries, rather than invite them. I acknowledge your right to demand, and I obey. Hermsprong, though he bore it many years, was not the family name of my father. An individual of great distinction, now present here, ought to blush at the necessity for the change; which was of his own creation. My father's real name was Campinet. He was the elder brother of Lord Grondale. Had he lived, his proper appellation here would have been Sir Charles Campinet. I am his only son."

It is impossible to express the astonishment and the murmurs which ran through the court at this explanation. All eyes were turned upon Lord Grondale, who seemed to endeavour to be firm and collected,

ed, but was in too much real confusion to impose much upon the spectators.

When Mr. Hermsprong could be heard, he said to the bench, "The proofs of what I have now asserted, you gentlemen, will not now expect me to give. They will very soon be called for in the proper court; where I shall apply to be put in possession of the family estates, now possessed by Lord Grondale. I do not accuse him of fraudulent possession, for he believes my father dead very many years ago. Could I have respected his character, it is probable my claim might have lain for ever dormant, for I have property fully equal to my desires. So it might have lain had his lordship condescended to think of the happiness of his amiable daughter. Whomsoever she had chosen as the partner of her affection—had she chosen—her happiness should never have been molested by me. A fortunate incident, and Lord Grondale's peremptory determination to sacrifice her on the altar of avarice, perhaps of revenge, aided I hope by some affection, has induced the young lady to consent to trust this happiness to my keeping, and I will guard it well. This circumstance, added to his being the brother of my father, should seem to call upon me for all possible respect for Lord Grondale; and willingly should I pay it, if filial piety would permit. But I
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cannot remember a father's wrong, and venerate their author."

Tears sprang to the eyes of Hermsprong, as he spoke of his father; and as far as appearances could testify, he was honoured with the approbation of far the major part of the court. No reply being made by the counsel, the senior justice informed Sir Charles Campinet, it was not the wish of the bench to give him any farther trouble. Lord Grondale, not without some trepidation, rose, and said, he was sorry to see so much credit given to an impostor; he trusted it would be short, and that he should take ample revenge on the seducer of his daughter, and the calumniator of his honour. His lordship was suffered to leave the hall with much less ceremonious attendance than he had entered.

C H A P. XXXIV.

MA Y I ask the philosophers if we may ever hope again for the good old times of Zeno? The art of reflecting ourselves out of feelings is, I fear, wholly lost. It may indeed be possible, that we may be good stoics

ics still, when the misfortunes of our friends call upon us for firmness in adversity ; but in our own, our sensibility is quite as keen as any reasonable person ought to desire. I meddle not with that other sort of sensibility, so fashionable, and so pretty to talk about, because I begin to be of opinion, it was made only to be talked about ; having watched it ever since it was born, and never having yet seen it rob a man of his appetite, or steal a rose from the fair cheek of beauty.

In the course of our acquaintance with the illustrious Lord Grondale, we have seen pretty well the nature of his feelings. Being centered so compleatly in his dear and only self, he has had no chance of obtaining much of our esteem, except when he happened to be under the influence of love and Miss Fluart. At all times also, his chief governors seem to have been pride and revenge. Perhaps, since the unfortunate day of the sessions, the first of the useful qualities had lost something of its accustomed force. He could not disguise to himself his apprehension of the possibility, nay probability, that Hermsprong might be the son of his brother ; for he had contented himself with the report of this brother's shipwreck, without thinking it all necessary to be too nice and scrupulous in the investigation of its truth. Even did he live, it would proba-

probably be in some obscure corner of the earth where he should never hear of him more. For he stipulated to renounce his country, and being the fool of honour, he will probably observe his stipulation. His family having cast him off, he may have sufficient spirit to despise that family, and think it no longer worth a place in his remembrance. So disposed, he may never hear of our elder brother's death; and why should I go to inform him of it, by an impolitic research after himself.

So reasoned his lordship; and as it was the established custom of the family, never to speak of those who were thought to have disgraced it, and as his lordship lived very much in the world, where people learn to forget what they do not wish to remember, it is no wonder this brother should have been buried in oblivion. I believe Miss Campinet had never heard of him, or heard of him simply as one who had lived and died.

On the other hand, it would occur to his lordship in his happier hours, that it was impossible he should have been permitted to possess his estates so long unmolested, had this brother been in existence. That this was probably some young adventurer, who had come to the knowledge of this family anecdote; and having infatuated his daughter, wanted to make use of it to inti-

midate himself. Doctor Blick said it must be so; Mr. Corrow said it must be so; and besides, the law had so much of glorious uncertainty, so much of useful procrastination, that at the worst, years might pass away, before his lordship could be dispossessed. But although the reverend doctor and the man of law said so, it was one of those cases in which men usually allow themselves the liberty of saying what they do not believe; for neither of them believed Hermsprong an impostor; and as, since the day of the sessions, he had made the principal conversation of the county, and this conversation ran wholly in his favour, both these gentlemen thought it highly necessary to take some step of humility, in hopes of future favour. But of these devotees to self-interest, it is no longer necessary and far from agreeable to me, to write. It is the great Lord Grondale must occupy me now,

Whose breast, hope and fear alternate sway'd;
Like light and shade upon a waving field,
Coursing each other, when the flying clouds
Now hide, and now reveal the sun.

But the paroxysms of fear had been so much stronger than those of hope, that his lordship's nervous system was grievously shattered by it; and debility seemed to be coming so rapidly on, that his lordship with
all

all his strength, could not wholly avoid some intrusive reflections of death, and something after death. So little however had his lordship thought of any world but this, that those of another gave him but little satisfaction; and the faculty were called upon to chace away at once the danger and the apprehension.

C H A P. XXXV.

IN this state of things, Mrs. Stone imagined a little consideration for herself might be useful. Farther than the sum formerly mentioned, she had nothing in the pecuniary way to expect of Lord Grondale. Consequently she had nothing agreeable to expect, unless his lordship would comply with her darling desire, and make her Lady Grondale. This idea, she insinuated to his lordship on every proper occasion; but he, proving incorrigibly deaf, she determined to try the effect of menace; and actually told his lordship, that without this compliment she would stay no longer at Grondale place; and what was the compliment now, just when he was going to lose the best part

of his fortune. She wondered at herself for desiring it; it was a proof that her love for him was superior to every other consideration.

Had Mrs. Stone been politic, she would have forbore the least allusion to Herm-sprong. It had the effect of exciting his lordship's anger, both against the proposition and the proposer. He said some provoking things, such as ladies are not pleased to hear. She answered with sufficient asperity. Their reproaches became wonderfully keen and personal. She repeated her threats of going; he bade her go to the devil. She would not go any where, she said, where there was so great a probability of meeting his lordship, to whom she now bade adieu for ever. It was to Doctor Blick's she retired, in consequence of the doctor's having often said, how happy he should be to see her at his house, a few days, whenever her convenience would permit.

The day after this important event, his lordship received from his fair daughter the following letter.

"Sir,

"When I received your letter, decisively renouncing me as a daughter, I had many bitter tears to shed; but I own I had resentment also, which prevented me from troubling

troubling you with importunate supplications. To avoid being the wife of Sir Philip Chestrum, I took, though with infinite reluctance, a step, for which I feared your anger, but did not expect its endurance for ever. Farther than it has offended you, Sir, I cannot repent of it. As the wife of Sir Philip, I think I could not live. Of two dreadful evils, I had to chuse the least, if I could know the least; and I concluded your displeasure for a time, a less evil than misery for life. I received your renunciation of me as a daughter. It was my duty to submit; and I should never more have presumed to consider myself as the daughter of Lord Grondale, but for the very extraordinary, and to me unintelligible events which have recently taken place. That Mr. Hermsprong is the person he purports to be, I have no doubt. Although to me, he never gave the least hint of such a circumstance, to my aunt, as she says, he gave absolute proof; or certainly she would not have accepted his presents, or have presided in his house. I own that I esteem him, and think highly of his probity; but I cannot resolve to give my hand to the man who reduces my father to adversity: That adversity, be it what it may, I entreat I may be permitted to share. Permit me, Sir, to return to your house, and to my duty; and suffer me to convince you, by more than

words, that I am truly your affectionate and dutiful daughter

CAROLINE CAMPINET."

Lord Grondale received this letter after a bad night, in an hour of low spirits, and indeed of humility; for he had begun to repent of his quarrel with Mrs. Stone, and was considering whether he should not secure her attentions to him, at her own price. This letter determined him in the negative. His daughter promised fair. She wrote as if she loved him; at least, as if she desired to love him. It would separate her too from Hermsprong. This last consideration determined his lordship; and he wrote the following gracious and condescending epistle.

" *Miss Campinet,*

" I permit you to return.

GRONDALE."

On the receipt of it, at Hermsprong's, Mrs. Garnet wept, and remonstrated; Miss Fluart cried and scolded. The inflexible Miss Campinet persevered, with a kind of determined despair; and in a few hours had paid her duty to his lordship, who had the goodness to forbear at present any virulent reproach, and to permit her to withdraw to her solitary apartment.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVI.

IT would have been the easiest thing in the world for Lord Grondale to have learned to love his daughter, had it not been necessary first to unlearn to hate her; for I know not by what word of milder signification I can describe his present disposition towards her. I must do him the justice to say, there were hours, or minutes rather, when he strove against it, when he saw, when he felt she was amiable, and almost allowed it. So his behaviour for the first ten days was a little capricious. He did not indulge indeed in passion, nor talk of putting her to death with his own hand; he contented himself with only stabbing her to the heart with ironic taunts, when he was tolerably high in spirits; and when low, with kindly attributing his death to her. Not that he believed himself in any immediate danger, but was desirous his daughter should. In this he succeeded. She thought she saw her father visibly decline; she feared some part of that decline might be owing to her disobedience; and therefore she bore the infirmities of his temper with the most enduring patience.

So much sweetness, and so much perseverance, could not totally fail of their proper effects. She saw, or hoped she saw, herself gaining upon his affections; and the satisfaction this gave her, was a compensation for the sacrifice she had made, at least for a time, of all the tenderest friendship had to give. Uncertain of her fate with Herm sprong, she resolved not to think of him; and she resolved this perhaps a thousand times a day.

Herm sprong had left England along with a Mr. Germerheim, the son of his father's friend at Philadelphia. It was he, who along with Mr. Sumelin, and two other gentlemen, accompanied Herm sprong in the county court; and it was he whom Sir Charles (I will call him Sir Charles when I remember) intended to call upon to speak concerning his father, had it been necessary. These two friends had ran over half England together, and Mr. Germerheim having to go into Germany, Sir Charles had gone to accompany him as far as Dresden; so that Miss Campinet had seen him only once after the county court day, and that, before she had heard of his consanguinity to herself. A little resentment she felt, and expressed to Miss Fluart, that Sir Charles did not think her worthy of his entire confidence; and it is not impossible that this resentment might assist in carrying her back

to Grondale house; for we are not always accurately acquainted with all the little springs which move us to action.

C H A P. XXXVII.

AT the request of Miss Campinet, Miss Fluart promised to stay with Mrs. Garnet till Sir Charles's return. This was at the end of three weeks; and Mrs. Garnet not being able, Miss Fluart told him the disagreeable news of Miss Campinet's elopement; wondering sometimes how her fair friend could be so dutifully silly; and sometimes weeping, with Mrs. Garnet, for the consequences. Sir Charles heard all, without offering the least interruption. As far as the matter depended upon words, he was the perfect philosopher; but his fine face betrayed certain internal emotions, which proved him 'no philosopher at heart.' He even found it expedient to walk in the garden, whence however he returned in a few minutes, and sitting down by Mrs. Garnet, he took her hand, and with the kindest tone, said, "So fall, my dear and revered mother, the expectations I had

K 5

built

built upon to secure my own happiness, and increase yours."

"No, no, my dear son," Mrs. Garnet sobbed out, "not fallen—our hopes are not entirely fallen."

"I know not, my dear madam, whether I can accommodate myself to prejudices, even in my Caroline, which appear to me to pervert justice and leave reason unconsulted. My father taught me to think and to judge—for myself.—One sole absolute command he left me, engraved upon my memory by a thousand repetitions. "Do always what is right." In most human occurrences this right is at once seen and acknowledged. Where discrimination is necessary, would my father say, discriminate with strength and with care. When you have judged, that is the right to you."

"But if Miss Campinet errs, it is from a weakness so amiable," said Mrs. Garnet.

"That Caroline would be amiable with a thousand weaknesses, I can allow; but not that weakness itself is amiable. But let us not enter into the argument; I fear to sink in your opinion. That I am strongly disappointed, I must confess; yet will I not play the fool or the madman. I will not pine, and waste the fruitful morning of my youth in love-sick indolence. So far indeed I must indulge myself, as to leave
England,

England, and return to America. There I may forget. Here, I cannot but remember. There too, I know to pass my days with some amusement to myself, and some good to my fellow men. My grief is, my dear madam, that I must leave you—you, who love as a mother."

"No, never—never shall you leave me by my own consent," said Mrs. Garnet. "Wheresoever you settle, that shall be my country for my few remaining years; for you are all to me."

Mr. Hermsprong kissed her hand respectfully, and, the tear standing in his expressive eye, withdrew to his study.

Having reflected there a while, he decided upon a certain course of action, and began it with the following letter to Miss Campinet.

"A few hours since, Caroline, I was happy; for I had confidence. Now—but I wish not to move your compassion, when I have failed to convince your understanding. Since you have decided to renounce affinities and connexions, which so lately it appeared to you virtuous to form, we must submit. There remains only to clear myself of certain things which you have already imputed to me, and of others which it is probable you will; for you *can* be unjust,

unjust, Caroline; and injustice has no limits.

"It appears that you are offended, because I did not impart to you in full confidence the affinity I revealed to our respectable aunt. You are offended then because I respected your delicacy. To you, the secret must have been highly embarrassing; and you would earlier have thought it your duty to have become unjust to me. Or suppose, what really happened, that after the accident which brought us to the notice of each other, I desired your affections; and wished to owe them to personal merit only, if I had any which might prove agreeable to you, not to the adventitious aids of fortune or affinity: Was there any thing in this, which ought to have drawn your resentment upon me?

"I learn also, that you had imputed my past flights and offences of Lord Grondale, to pride or caprice; now you consider me as the decided enemy of your father, and determine to treat me as such. Yes—I own myself the decided enemy of your father, for he was so of mine. Not the open and avowed, but the concealed and treacherous enemy. My enmity is virtue, or of virtuous origin; his began and ended in vice. And are you sure, Caroline, that it is virtue in you to take the side of improbity, because it is the improbity of your father?

father? But no more of this. I find it impossible to press upon you with the full force of conclusion. Your motives I can grant to be amiable, though I cannot grant that they are just.

“Once, I think at your request, I related to you, faithfully as far as it went, my father’s story, my mother’s, and my own; permitting you to conclude, from the name I bore, that I was of German origin. My real birth being known, it follows in the general opinion, that I must prosecute my claim, and strip Lord Grondale of the family estates. That I came to England with that intention, I own. When you became known to me, I determined it should never be pursued in a court of justice. Learning that Lord Grondale was preparing to deprive you of the inheritance, I resume my claim; ready to relinquish it at your request, provided it is allowed to descend to you, as it would have done, had my father never existed. It is an object to me, only as it relates to you. For you I reserve it; and to you I yield it. Perhaps I have some right to your gratitude for this; and *by this*, I seek no more. Not to such causes would I owe your affections. You did love me, Caroline; I thought you did; and that thought was an inexhaustible source of felicity. That source is gone; to find one
equally

equally efficacious, perhaps is impossible; but I owe it to myself to resist undeserving misery. I go to America, having lost the tie which bound me to England. At this you will not be surprised. But should you not, to hear that Mr. Glen and the worthy curate of Sithin were emigrants for my sake? Should you not be more than surprised, if you heard that our dear and respectable aunt, advanced as she is in years, should declare her resolution to go where I go, and live where I live? This goodness I will repay with the utmost solicitude. I shall have friendship, Caroline, and I shall want it. To Miss Fluart I lend my house and its precincts, that she may be near you. Cherish her friendship, it is above all estimation. When she marries, or no longer occupies Bloomgrove, it is yours. So would I have been, Caroline. But—no more of this womanly effusion. I am ashamed of my lingering pen. Caroline, adieu!

HERMSPRONG."

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

IT was not till the following day that this letter was sent, for Sir Charles was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Woodcock and Mr. Glen. These gentlemen spent the evening, for Miss Campinet being gone, Sir Charles considered himself as at home. It was upon this young lady principally the conversation ran, of which I am desirous to give my readers a specimen, to shew still more the excentricities of Herm-
sprong.

Mr. Glen had said he was sorry Miss Campinet had left Mrs. Garnet; but he did not allow, as a necessary consequence, that the connexion between Sir Charles and she must be broken.

"So I have told Sir Charles," Miss Flu-
art said; "if he will wait with patience and submission, he may reasonably hope for a successful termination."

"Patience and submission, my dear Miss Fluart, are not the qualities of a savage," Sir Charles replied; "we allow not the language of tyranny, even from pretty mouths."

Miss Fluart. "Savages are wonderful
beings.

beings. You have no objection to the language of slavery from pretty mouths."

Herm sprong. "I have not all the savage ill qualities. I learned to hate the language of slavery in all its forms, especially in the form of adulation. I consider a woman as equal to a man; but, let it not displease you, my dear Miss Fluart, I consider a man also as equal to a woman. When we marry, we give and we receive. Where is the necessity that man should take upon him this crouching mendicant spirit, this excess of humiliation?"

Miss Fluart. "The arrow that Cupid shot you with was of lead. Or perhaps your heart has twenty thick coverings. It is the creed of a true lover that his mistress cannot have a fault."

Herm sprong. "Unhappily, my father bred me up to think for myself; and this error of education does not permit me to receive creeds of any manufacture but my own. So I fear I cannot rise to the exalted eminence of a true lover. Yet I love Caroline, and though I do not approve her quite so well, I must love her long. How happy I should be, has been the darling subject of my imagination, sometime past. How happy I might have been, will be so, for some time to come."

Miss Fluart. "When a man chuses to extinguish the torch of love, he easily finds the water."

Herm sprong.

Herm sprong. "Was not the water Miss Campinet's? She rejected me, did she not?"

Miss Fluart. "Has she said so, Sir?"

Herm sprong. "She has done so, my dear Miss Fluart; she has left us."

Miss Fluart. "Only to return for a while to her father."

Herm sprong. "Did he solicit this return, Miss Fluart?"

Miss Fluart. "No. It was suggested by her duty."

Herm sprong. "By what was her leaving him suggested?"

Miss Fluart. "By fear; or perhaps by love."

Herm sprong. "If the latter motive, it operates no longer, my dear Miss Fluart; and I have proved the point of rejection."

Mr. Woodcock. "Perhaps, Sir Charles, when you become a father, you will allow more force to the motive of duty, than you now seem to do."

Herm sprong. "Yes,—I may become a monster like Lord Grondale; and expect duty where I have deserved execration. But I am not that monster yet. Yet I seem to discern the relations of things; and if I do, Lord Grondale has no right to the duty of a daughter from one whom he has never treated as a daughter."

Miss

Miss Stuart. "I have urged this so often to Caroline, that I must own I cannot, with any conscience support the contrary."

Hermesprong. "Here Miss Campinet found almost a mother in consanguinity, and quite a mother in affection. Here she found a friend, not idly called so, but one who has proved her friendship, and nobly proved it. Here she found a man who loved her, and whom she said she loved. She left us all, and broke the tender engagements she had expressly or tacitly entered into with us; and all for a word; for what, but a word, is a duty not owed; and certainly not produced by affection. Me, above all, she left; for after what had past, she could not well imagine, that having manifested the utmost contempt for Lord Grondale, I could stoop to wait his pleasure, and humbly solicit him for happiness. If she expected this, she knew me not. If she did not expect this, she has made her election, and it is decisive against me. I must now make mine. For the sake of my friends here present, and particularly, my dear mother, for yours, I would stay in England; but having been struck with a disease in it, I fear I shall need another climate to promote my cure. Nor indeed do I well know how I can make myself useful in England for want of something to do.

do. Nor do I yet see how I shall be able to accommodate myself to the existing manners of the rich. I cannot eat for hours, nor love candles so well as the sun. I cannot, I fear, submit to be fettered and cramped throughout the whole circle of thought and action. You submit to authority with regard to the first, and to fashion with regard to the last. I cannot get rid of the stubborn notion, that to do what we think is right to do, is the only good principle of action. You seem to think the only good principle of action is to do as others do. You allow fashion to be often folly; and believe it right to be fools, when you have so great a sanction;—and by some ingenious use or abuse of words, you are always and eternally right. It is my misfortune I cannot be right on such easy terms. Servile compliance is crime, when it violates rectitude and imbecility, at least, when it is prostituted to folly. When it has become habitual, what a thing it has made of man.”

“My friend,” said Miss Fluart, “you have indulged yourself in a pretty satirical vein; but will you not have the goodness to allow us some good qualities?”

“Many, madam; I am not now drawing your whole picture as a people. I am only placing before you some of the things I dislike. As to your panegyric, it is a subject

ject so copious, I dare not venture upon it so late in the evening. You will indulge me with one complaint more, and then I will confess that England abounds in amiable individuals, and that I am charmed with your arts and sciences."

"Well, Sir,—your one more."

"It is your politics, madam; a subject on which the English people delight to dwell; on which no two people ever thought wholly alike; and on which you have brought yourselves to so charming a degree of rancour, that you can bear no deviations from your own opinions. Before you can set up an undisputed title to an amiable people, you must first learn to agree to differ. Your religion has been teaching you love and good will to men ever since you were born, and you have not yet got beyond the primer of the science. This it is that deforms your societies; or, to preserve your tempers, and politeness, drives you to insipidity and cards."

"Are these things better in America?" Miss Fluart asked.

"I think they are. It is true, they dispute there very much, grow animated sometimes, and sometimes indulge in personal abuse. But this is evanescent. To your polite hatred for opinion, generally they are strangers. I imagine they owe this to their diversity of religions, which,
accus-

accustoming them to see difference of opinion in a matter of the greatest importance, disposes them to tolerate it on all subjects, and even to believe it a condition of human nature. Their government too, embraces all sects, and persecutes none; and when there is no reward for persecution, and no merit attached to it, I suppose it possible for men to refrain from it."

The conversation stopped here. After the silence of a minute, Mrs. Garnet said, "My dear son, for so I must call you, I see your difficulties here, and your prejudice, for so perhaps it is, for the country in which you were born. I cannot wish you less than all possible happiness—and yet to part—"

Tears prevented her proceeding. Herm sprong, taking her hand, and kissing it with equal respect and tenderness said, "Madam, we will not part."

"Why, then we will not," said the good old lady with animation. "Of what importance is it to me where I die, so I live, whilst I do live, with those I love."

"I meant, madam, to stay in England for your sake; but if on farther consideration, we shall determine the contrary, your travelling shall be rendered so commodious, you shall scarce know you move. But I must own, madam, I have no friends in America so dear to me as these
who

who are present ; to part with them will be a suffering——”

“I mean not to suffer,” said Glen. “I presume I may be warmed with an American sun, and be nourished by American food, as well as yourself ; existence is a double blessing, when we live with those we love.”

The reverend Mr. Woodcock heard all this. He wished to speak ; his lips quivered ; a tear gushed from his eye ; his head hung down ; he gave up his hopeless attempt at speech.

Hermsprong observed this and said, “I interpret for you, dear Woodcock ; your inclinations are with us, but you imagine obstructions.”

“I do indeed,” answered the parson ; “a man with a family—without fortune—without talents ; at least, any that can be useful——”

“Stop, friend,” said Hermsprong, smiling ; “and do not abuse thyself. I have sixty thousand acres of uncleared land upon the Potowmac. It cost me little. I have imagined a society of friends within a two mile ring ; and I have imagined a mode of making it happy. In this, it is possible I may not reach the point I desire ; but with common prudence, we cannot fail of plenty, and in time of affluence. Of this hereafter. But you, Miss Flu-
art,

art, what temptation can I possibly offer you?"

"Yourself, to be sure," answered this laughter loving lady.

"I love you," Mr. Hermsprong replied, "with every sort of love but one; that one is at present Caroline's exclusively. If I recover it——"

"Don't trouble yourself," said Miss Fluart; "for though I love you with every sort of love but one, I love Caroline better; and if she is not amongst your collection, you may grub wood by yourselves."

"For that sentiment I cannot love you less," Hermsprong answered, and then changed the conversation.

C H A P. XXXIX.

TH E letter to Miss Campinet, given in a preceding chapter, startled this young lady. She endeavoured to reflect with more precision than she had hitherto done; she began to doubt whether the step had lately taken was as meritorious as she wished to have thought it. The friends she had left had been uniformly kind, whilst the little tenderness she had experienced from Lord Grondale, seemed more the effect of declining strength and spirits, than of sorrow or affection. Wine had still the power of elevating his lordship, and still when elevated, he was disposed to taunt his daughter with his accustomed malevolence.

This secession from her dearest friends, had it not also the appearance of resentment against Sir Charles Campinet? What had she to resent? Sir Charles thought her unjust; perhaps with reason. How much more cause to think her so would he have, if she gave him reason to suppose her capable of desiring to deprive himself and his posterity of their undoubted right.
Could

Could she repay such generosity with such ingratitude, she must indeed deserve his contempt. With such sentiments, could she permit him to leave England? Could she bear to see him no more? These reflections, the last perhaps not least, disordered her even to sickness. The paleness of her cheek was visible to Lord Grondale, when she next went to receive his commands. She excused it as well as she was able; but her father, always suspicious, pursued her with such peremptory inquiry, that she was compelled, as she had been once before, to give him the letter, to avoid his ironic taunts.

Lord Grondale read this letter; it was generous no doubt; but as it was intended to operate in favour of his daughter, to himself it was no obligation. But how to render it beneficial to himself? This question, his lordship considered, as well as he could now consider, two or three succeeding days; during which he remained totally silent upon it to his daughter, who having nothing to say on the part of her father, wrote herself to Sir Charles Campinet as follows.

“Surely, Sir Charles, you bear too hard upon a mind oppressed, and harrassed by opposing

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posing conflicts. However wrong I may have been, I have at least the merit of having been governed by your own first principle of action; I have done what I thought to be right. I have sinned, if I have sinned, against my own affections; for I make no scruple to say, those affections were yours. If, for a moment, I gave way to new sensations, testified by any little expressions of resentment at not being sufficiently confided in, or suspecting a now more implacable enmity to my father, forgive me; such error was evanescent; my judgment would have corrected it, if my heart had not. Not so influenced, did I leave Bloomgrove. It was the picture of my father always before my eyes, reduced from grandeur to comparative poverty, sick in body, and unhappy in mind, which drew me thence. You do me wrong indeed, if you think me superlatively happy here; or that I left Bloomgrove without regret; or that I less love and revere my respected aunt; or that my Maria is less dear to me; or that I do not think of you, Sir Charles, oftener now than perhaps I ought; for—so easily to suspect—so easily to accept the idea of separation—but no more of this. You make nice distinctions; too nice perhaps for human happiness; and I may now seem to you to depart from maiden modesty,

ty, and court your lost affections,—better lost than so redeemed.

“ For your generous intentions respecting myself, I thank you ; and wish to avail myself of them just so far, as that my father may breathe out the remains of his short existence, for short it must be, untroubled by litigation. This awful event past, no consideration on earth shall induce me to withhold from you a tittle of your right. No law for me, Sir Charles; every thing you claim shall be yours.

CAROLINE CAMPINET.”

“ I write my aunt and friend, to entreat their pardon of a conduct too embarrassed to be blameless even to them.”

CH A P. XL.

“**F**ORGIVE my nice distinctions, Caroline; love, they say, is always making them. You will not hold from me a tittle of my right. And what method, my fair cousin, will you take to enforce my acceptance? For the daughter of Lord Grondale, I would have claimed every thing; of her, nothing. No—nothing but herself will I ever claim. The rest is air. Her heart was mine, is mine, and may it ever be the happy lot of her

CHARLES CAMPINET.

“Our aunt and our fair friend are all in tears, but they are tears of joy. Your letters have a fascinating charm in them, Caroline. They move all hearts as you direct.”

So wrote Sir Charles in answer; and I believe communicated to his fair mistress a pleasure equal to his own. More letters passed,

passed, which it is not our purpose to transcribe; only to say, that they drew closer together the knot which love had formed. In the mean time, the illustrious Lord Grondale, when disposed to meditate, fixed his attention on the means of turning the love and romance of Hermsprong to his own advantage. It accorded indeed ill with his pride to seem to compromise with a man he had so often declared an impostor; but as he could not avoid, in his more timid hours, owing to himself, the higher probability of the young man's being really his nephew, he feared two consequences. One, lest the evidence should be such as to render him ridiculous for not better informing himself; or stamp him with odium, if he was believed to have been better informed. The other, lest he should be obliged to live with diminished splendour, or perhaps to hide himself in obscurity; for the idea of dying, with which he had wished to impress his daughter, had been a passing idea with his lordship, of little force and less duration. These fears began by degrees to sap his pride, now unsupported by the kind and cherishing hand of Doctor Blick, who, since the day Mrs. Stone had become his guest, or that on which Sir Charles had declared himself in the county court, had seen little of his lordship. Even the assiduous Mr. Corrow

had failed in the usual frequent expression of his respect; Each of these gentlemen, though unknown to the other, being engaged in considering the best mode of transferring their invaluable friendship, to the future possessor of the power of patronage.

Lord Crondale then, after some days consideration, and the strong contention of his pride with his interest, thought proper to indulge his daughter with a conversation, the tenor of which may be collected from the following letter of hers to Sir Charles.

“My father has been kinder to-day, and more explicit than usual. He has ordered me to say, that if you can, in a private manner, convince him, you are the son, the legitimate son of his elder brother; if you will let your claim rest, and permit him to possess the family estates for life; if you will apologize for your past conduct; and engage to treat him with proper respect in future. On these conditions, he grants you his daughter. It is probable some, or all of them, may be disagreeable. If so—reject them, I entreat you. I ask no sacrifice.

CAROLINE CAMPINET.”

Sir

Sir Charles to Miss Campinet.

“It is not necessary, my Caroline, it is not proper, that my reply to Lord Grondale’s requisitions should pass through you. Fortune certainly shall be no bar to my obtaining you. But my honour, Caroline, my principles, they must be in my own keeping. I must not forfeit them,—even for Caroline Campinet.

Her devoted

CHARLES.”

Sir Charles to Lord Grondale.

“My Lord,

“I have the honour of a letter from Miss Campinet, wherein she proposes, as from your lordship, three conditions, herself the reward of my compliance. I know not what, that is just and honourable, I would not do for such a reward.

“I must first convince your lordship that I am what I pretend. That I have evidence which must carry conviction to the minds

of as many impartial people as hear and consider it, I am certain; but I believe under certain circumstances, the human mind has a power to resist even conviction. I can send your lordship, a Matthew Clewes, whom almost thirty years may have taken from your remembrance; but to which, certain circumstances must unavoidably restore him. He was then a servant in the family, a favourite of my father's, and confidentially employed by him in a love affair with a certain Miss Debank, a lady, whose name will probably afflict your lordship with recollections. This man you endeavoured to corrupt; you did corrupt; and made subservient to your treachery; sent over to France, to my father; this man, struck with remorse, confessed his guilt and was forgiven, and at his earnest request received by my father as his servant. This he continued to be till my father's death, and has since been mine. From this person your lordship may learn, if you please, every occurrence of note respecting my father.

“Your second proposition is of a kind too uninteresting to me, to occasion the least opposition—but your third—that I shall apologize to you—shall treat you with future respect!

“You are my uncle, Sir, the brother of my father; and had you had my father's
virtues

virtues, how sincerely could I have transferred to you, the duty and respect I owed, and always most willingly paid to him. His story was not told me by himself; it was written in latin; and pursuant to my father's directions, given me by my mother, when I arrived at the age of twenty-five; accompanied by some letters of yours, which unhappily too well prove your intention to deceive. Such testimony corroborated in every point by Matthew Clewes, I could not doubt; and my personal conduct to you, Sir, has arisen, not from repentment of the pride with which I was treated on our first rencontre; but from a deep abhorrence of principles which could deceive and betray a brother.

“Should I be ever so happy as to see you in that state of mind, which would have disposed you to ask forgiveness of a too justly offended brother, I will ask your's; and not pay you exterior marks only of respect, but those interior ones, which cannot become your due, but by contrition, and true respectability.

CHARLES CAMPINET.”

C H A P. XLI.

AT the name of Matthew Clewes, Lord Grondale was seized with a cold shivering, the beginning, I should hope, if physiologists will permit, of that contrition recommended by his proud and inflexible nephew. But when the marks of repentance are genuine, and likely to endure, none but divines know; and as Doctor Blick, at this critical period, was either indisposed, or not disposed to attend his lordship as usual, we are not able to determine the state of Lord Grondale's mind in this particular. All we know is, that his lordship did not request the attendance of Matthew Clewes, and that Mr. Corrow did. This gentleman said that Lord Grondale was very unwell, and could not at present see him, the said Matthew Clewes; that himself was deputed to take his deposition; and therefore he desired him to say the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

But Matthew was himself an intelligent fellow; and had had besides the benefit of his master's counsel in this business. So he said, I do not suppose, Sir, you would advise an evidence for your client, to explain

plain to the opposite party the nature of his evidence, before he came into court; but as my master does not intend to imitate the crooked policy of lawyers, I may acquaint you, that I was with my late master in France, and took the voyage with him in the same vessel to America; that I was a witness to his marriage with Miss Dupre of Nantes; was in the house when she was brought to bed of my present master; conveyed her and him from Philadelphia to the country of the Nawdoessies; lived there with them the best part of twenty years; was present at the death of my old master; and have attended Sir Charles ever since; and will to the end of my life, if I may; because he is all that is good.

“And do you think, fellow,” said Mr. Corrow, “that a bold evidence like this, will procure your master the estate of Lord Grondale?”

“I do not know,” replied Matthew, “how great a battle truth and law may have when they meet, but I know, that if law wins the contest, so much the worse for the country that is plagued with it.”

“And I do assure you,” Mr. Corrow said, “that Lord Grondale must win. Possession, you know, is eleven of the twelve points of law, according to the old saying; and I think I can answer for keeping his lordship in possession in spite of your evidence.”

dence. But it seems to me that it would be more for your interest not to give evidence in a losing cause; both because it might be better to have Lord Grondale for a friend than an enemy; and because his lordship is a man of very great honour; and bountiful as the sun to those who oblige him; and, the lawyer continued, as you have lived most of your life out of England, you may like some other country better than this; in which case, I am sure Lord Grondale would make it easy and comfortable to you."

"Pretty long, and rather insinuating, was this harangue of Mr. Corrow's,—for he graced it with much smile, and much sweetness of expression.

Matthew answered it, all at once in the Lacedemonian way, I believe. "Fair words, Mr. Corrow, but no parsnips."

The lawyer was not much displeased with the reply; so he smiled again, and said, true Mr. Clewes, you are right; come to me again on Friday, and we will see how the parsnips may be buttered in the best manner possible. So Matthew departed; and ran to tell his master the progress he had made in the suit of *law* versus *truth*.

C H A P.

C H A P. XLII.

BUT had this interview taken place, it might have been death to the reputation of Mr. Corrow as a lawyer; for Matthew had contrivances in his head, the success of which would have shewn the attorney deficient in matter of sagacity, or what is vulgarly called cunning; a part of character so essentially necessary to some gentlemen of the long robe, that without it, parchment is of no value.

Poor Lord Grondale, that sun of bounty that was to be, had the use of his left side taken from him by a paralytic stroke. His mouth was distorted, and the muscles subservient to speech were almost immovable. His memory seemed much impaired; and his perception of the objects around him greatly diminished. By degrees he recovered a part of these faculties; but the utmost endeavours of his physicians, could not prevent his advancing fast into a state of lethargy. One day, about a week from his being first struck, he suddenly awoke, as from a disturbed slumber; and answered his weeping daughter's inquiry with a "Thank you my dear," a word, which
from

from him she had never heard before. He spoke it too rather more distinctly, than since his stroke he had spoke any words. He looked at Miss Campinet several minutes, and then said, kiss me Caroline. She did so, and burst into a tender effusion of tears. Half an hour after this, he said, "I must die." Miss Campinet sobbed. "I have been a hard father," he said, then sunk to sleep. When he awoke again he was visibly altered, and of this he seemed sensible. He spoke now with more difficulty, and seemingly with much earnestness. "My aunt," he said, "and Charles—send —." Miss Campinet, though not certain she understood him, dispatched an immediate messenger, who fortunately finding Sir Charles at home, Mrs. Garnet and he were ready when his lordship next awoke, to attend his call, if he remembered them. That he did so was conjectured by Miss Campinet and the attending physician, from anxious looks cast alternately at his daughter and the door; for he could not now speak. Mrs. Garnet entered; Lord Grondale put out towards her, the only hand which now obeyed his will. His look asked forgiveness; hers granted it. He cast his eyes on his nephew, to whom he now held out his hand. Sir Charles took it with respect. He pressed it gently; Lord Grondale, with what strength he had, returned

turned the pressure. Sir Charles understood this as an expression of contrition, and he marked his sentiment of it by raising his uncle's hand to his lips. It seemed to animate his lordship; he beckoned Miss Campinet to approach; he took her hand and motioned it towards his nephew. Sir Charles caught it, and imprinted upon it a respectful kiss. His uncle's last look seemed to express a faint degree of pleasure. But not longer able to support the effort of keeping awake, his head sunk upon the pillow, oppressed with his last sleep. He awoke and died. So closed the last act of Lord Grondale.

CHAP.

C H A P. XLIII.

IF the careless writer of a novel, closes his book, without marrying or putting to death, or somehow disposing, not only of his principal personages, but of all who have acted a part in the drama above the degree of a candle-snuffer, he creates an unsatisfied want in the minds of his readers, especially his fair ones, and they hardly part friends. As every body knows I live but to love and oblige these charming critics, I will in this chapter endeavour to prevent so sad a catastrophe to myself, and give them all the satisfaction I can. Bound, I presume, to give the preference to holy things, I shall begin with Doctor Blick; to whom it no sooner appeared that Sir Charles Campinet was Sir Charles Campinet, and that he would have the estates and the boroughs, than he began to think Lord Grondale was not so great, so very great a man, as he had hitherto supposed him. He even began to see several faults; and when he looked upon Mrs. Stone, his guest, advanced a little into the vale of years indeed, but of a fine person still, and considered all her merit, and all the obligations by which his lordship was bound

bound to her, he could scarce avoid accusing him of folly, if not ingratitude. No sooner were the funeral obsequies performed, than he wrote Sir Charles a copious epistle, in a stile of pompous humiliation, imputing his own behaviour to ignorance of his birth and quality; and stating many reasons why he ought to be forgiven.

Sir Charles wrote :

“ I forgive you, Sir, but do not like you. You will discover frankness to be my vice, and it will incur your displeasure. I fear we shall not be cordial neighbours. If on this account your residence here would be more disagreeable to you, and you should prefer another situation, I engage for Mr. Woodcock that he shall do the whole duties of Grondale and Sithin without increase of salary.”

The doctor, in his answer, lamented his hard fate, in not being allowed the liberty to try to make himself agreeable. Hoped Sir Charles would one day think better of him; till when he must submit to necessity. That he accepted the condition, and was Sir Charles's

Most faithful,
Most obedient,
Most devoted servant.

Sir

Sir Charles allowed Mrs. Stone's claim upon the effects of Lord Grondale, and ordered immediate payment; a circumstance so agreeable to the doctor, that he wooed the lady, and won the lady, to wed, not love. They settled at Winchester; and as they are little visited, have the more time to despise and plague each other, which they do with great sincerity.

Mr. Woodcock is in possession of the parsonage, of the friendship of Sir Charles, and of 300l. a-year; I need not point out from what beneficent hand. As he is one of the best men, I hope he is one of the happiest.

The venerable Mrs. Garnet removed to the hall, and took possession of the chair of ease; and long may she enjoy it. Miss Fluart, not yet willing "to buy herself a master," establishes a little household at Bloomgrove. Once a day she quarrels with Sir Charles about *le bon ton, et la belle usage*; and the greatest vexation she has yet to complain of, is, that she cannot vex him. She calls him savage; abuses his antediluvian ideas; and then tells her friend, with half a sigh, she will have a savage like himself, or die a maid.

Mr. Sumelin and his lady are one flesh, so says the church, but they are two spirits.

rits. Upon submission, and the request of Sir Charles, Mr. Sumelin received Fillygrove into his counting-house, with leave to marry his daughter, if he can. Miss Sumelin demurs and pouts; and bids him remember Miss Wavel. It is not that she cannot forgive, or has lost all her first affection; but Mrs Sumelin has half persuaded her that Sir Philip Chestrum is the most accomplished man, for most of the purposes for which a wise young woman should marry, of all men living; and that she may catch him if she will take the trouble to angle. The mild, the gentle Charlotte Sumelin is yet uncourted; has asked and obtained her father's consent to live with Miss Fluart at Bloomgrove. For the unhappy Mrs. Marcour, Sir Charles obtained the means to convey her safe to her children.

And, pray, say a thousand of my fair readers all at once,—pray, Mr. Glen, can you think of closing your book without giving us complete satisfaction respecting Sir Charles and Miss Campinet. Many things fall out between the cup and the lip. They might marry or they might not. Are we at liberty to suppose which we please? For what END then did you write your book?

Pardon me, dear ladies. I knew or thought I knew, that there must be a total conformity

formity of conclusion in your minds respecting this great event; and my hopes were, that you would have the goodness to marry them, when and where, and how you pleased. But since otherwise is your pleasure, I, as in duty bound, submit.

It was in the 5th month after the death of Lord Grondale that the happy Herm-sprong, the name he still best loves, led his blooming Caroline to the altar,—dressed in a white polonese—pshaw—dressed in love and innocence I mean,—for of any dress, but of the mind, I know,—yes,—I just know a polonese from a cabbage net.

The union, I believe, will prove unfortunate only to the gentlemen of the law; for Sir Charles having no body to go to law with but himself, is under the necessity of not going to law at all; which will be so obliging as to give him a full title to his property, by what the gentlemen of this science call a remitter.



V I N I S.

